

The Georgian



SCIENTIA PIETATE

1785-84





ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO



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THE HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, members of the Board of Governors, members of the graduating class, boys of St. George's College, ladies and gentlemen:

Welcome to our 20th Prize-giving! We come together today to honour not only our 16th graduating class, but also all those boys who have attained high standards of academic excellence during the year. I want especially to express my great admiration for those who, though they have won no prizes, have clearly seen their goals and have struggled steadily toward them. Their rewards, though not the material ones of public recognition, can be nonetheless every bit as satisfying, even if anonymous. To every Georgian who has done his best I say 'Congratulations, and God speed you on your way!'

The end of our 20th year! Here I must struggle earnestly against the urge to reminisce. Suffice it to say that this is the first year in which no boy presently in the school had yet been born when, as someone in another school was once overheard to describe us, this 'funny little place down in the slums' first opened its doors. To our graduating class, that is more than a lifetime ago. -- To some of us, however, it is but yesterday. Mr. Love may correct me if he wishes, but I think this is known as gaining 'historical perspective'. (Here I am sorely tempted to describe to you in some detail my first encounter, as a master at SAC, 28 years ago, with a shy, gentle, and poetic young boy in Grade 9, who is now our principal staff softball pitcher and ball hockey forward, great film chronicler of the Second World War, chief resident representative of the Chicago White Sox, and general 'egger-on'.) It is truly amazing what a good education and time can do! But I digress.

I draw your attention once again to the graduating class: There are amongst their number five boys who entered this school in Grade 4, and have been with us ever since. As I call their names, would they please rise and be recognized? Bill Henry, Stewart Istvan, Alexei Marcilio, Andrew Pace, and Jeff Ruscica. In recent conversation with one of these young gentlemen I ventured to say, 'Well there - despite ten years in this crazy place, you are perfectly normal!' His response to this facile summation of his career at St. George's was immediate and vehement: 'What do you mean 'After ten years in this place I'm perfectly normal? How could I be?'

It is with regret that I announce the departure from our Staff of Gary Haslett, Head of the French department, who has taken a position with Peel County Board of Education; of George Rutherford, Old Boy of this school

and former Head Prefect, who is to become head of the English department at Holy Trinity School; and of Steven Harper, an Old Boy of the school and former Prefect who has been on an exchange from Crescent School during this year. Thank you, gentlemen, for all you have given to St. George's.

I am pleased to announce the following appointments: From within the present staff, Mr. Gilles Massé as Head of the Foreign Languages Department. (I know he deeply resents my considering French to be a 'foreign language', but in a place like Toronto I can see no other way around it);

Dr. Michael Webb, formerly Head of the Science Department at the Halifax Grammar School, and more recently Professor of Chemistry at Memorial University in Newfoundland. He will be Head of the Science Department;

Mr. Richard Holdsworth, presently teaching at Havergal College, will join the English Department;

Mr. Eric Timm and Ms. Anne Jensen, presently on the staff of Appleby College, will join us to teach French;

And Ms. Suzanne Tevlin, an honours graduate of OCA, will teach art.

At this time I should also like to announce the school prefects for the coming year. Would they please stand as I call their names? John Cimba, Head Prefect; Paul Clark, Gregor Gilbert, Tony Hanley, Ian Hardacre, Graham Hunt, George Kerr, Scott Merrick, Jamie Moore, George Skarbek-Borowski, and Keith Stinson.

It is not my intent to recount in this report all the widely varying activities of our school year. Suffice it to say that I am always truly amazed at the number of things we are able to accomplish outside the classroom in drama, debating, in the yearbook staff, in the camera club, the pub club, and on the playing fields. The list is almost endless. But my sincere thanks go to all those who organized and directed these myriad events, and to all those who took part in them.

My sincere thanks too to Brenda White and her great ladies of the Guild, to David McClatchy and the men of the SGCA, to the Board of Governors for their continuing support, and to the Staff, who have laboured unstintingly throughout the year to make St. George's the great school that it is.

I address my final words to the graduating class: you have completed one stage of the battle. As you 'graduate' to higher education, take with you the blessings and good wishes of all of us. Do not forget your old school.

REPORT OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S EVENTS

MUSIC

In a sense, the year began with the choir tour to Europe in June of 1983. We visited Germany, Italy, and France, and sang in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Paris. The choir continues to sing for public events as well as to support the choral tradition of the school in singing Friday services. In the instrumental programme, three sets of bands allow instruction at the appropriate skill and experience level. In addition, we offer an after-school junior band, jazz band, small ensembles and the new and growing area of computer music. Most of the boys in the instrumental programme also take private lessons once a week. Future plans involve expanding the string programme and the institution of instrumental trips such as the one planned for Ottawa this fall.

In April 1983, St. George's College hosted, for the second year in a row, the Independent Schools Music Festival at Massey Hall. This event attracted 23 schools from across Canada and involved nearly 1,000 students. Mr. Demierre is to be commended for his outstanding job of organizing this event. We now pass the hosting of this event on to other schools.

SPORTS

The physical education programme flourished as usual with regular classes for every boy, augmented by the many teams such as soccer, hockey, swimming, skiing, basketball, volleyball, tennis, baseball, and track and field which compete against other independent schools. The soccer team attended the invitational tournament at St. John's Kilmarnock in Waterloo in October and St. George's hosted a basketball tournament in February. The whole school turned out for a chilly Cross-Country Run in October and for the Track and Field Day in May.

CULTURAL

In February, the Junior School produced the play, *Brother Francis*, under the skillful direction of Mr. Stevenson. Also in February, the Junior School Open House was held with demonstrations of basketball, instrumental music, debating, and drama in both French and English. In November, all the grades of the Junior School attended the ballet "*Romeo and Juliet*" at the O'Keefe Centre.

Debating, again under the tuition of Mr. Stevenson, has been a highly active club in the Junior School. A large number of debates have taken place within the school, and the debating team has competed against many of the other independent schools in Southern Ontario.

EDUCATION

We continued the Norval Science Schools for the eleventh year. By the time the Grade Five's go up next April, we will have held 75 Science Schools at Norval and over 750 different boys from St. George's will have attended.

An Information Night was held in January to inform parents of boys in Grades 7 and 8 particularly of the changes to be implemented in view of the Ontario Government's decision to phase out Grade 13. In February, Dr. Ronald Clavier, a psychologist, spent three days discussing drug education and drug abuse with all of the boys in St. George's. This was culminated on the third night with an opportunity for the parents to express their concerns and ask questions.

SERVICE

In May, the Junior School held a Walk-a-thon to raise money for the Leukemia Research Fund. Over \$6,300.00 was raised for this worthy cause. More information about the Walk-a-thon is described later in the Yearbook.

ON TRADITION

Tradition has a special significance for St. George's. While, in comparison to other independent schools, this college is a young one, its roots stretch back to the first English choir school founded by the monk Augustine in 597 A.D. I have often claimed that St. George's is the best school of the 19th century and such a tenet can only be founded on a reverence for tradition.

Chesterton has called tradition the "democracy of the dead"; it is the conceit of the living that purports to have solutions, answers, and techniques to apply to every societal institution. In education especially, there has been wholesale abandoning of traditional practices in the rush of enthusiasm for new ideas. In the 60's and 70's, the educational establishment rejected elemental approaches, only to return to them in the "back to the basics" movement of the 80's (however much the Minister of Education chooses to call it "forward to the fundamentals"). Over 2000 years ago, Socrates made contributions to education that are as valid today as they were then.

We forget that behind us stretch centuries and millennia of experience. Obviously, not all of it is good. New ideas in education and the church must be examined, but examined in the light of tradition. We ignore the compelling evidence of the past at our peril. As Ogden Nash has said: "Progress might have been all right once, but it has gone on too long now".

STAFF/ STUDENTS





THE GRADUATING



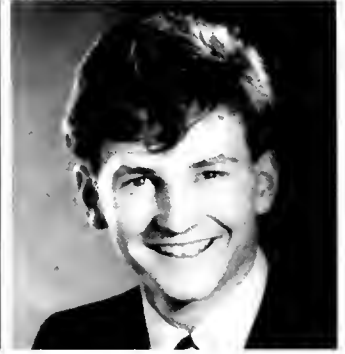
Chris Alexander



Robert Benzie



David Brake



Roger Cattell



Kevin Eden



Graeme Egan



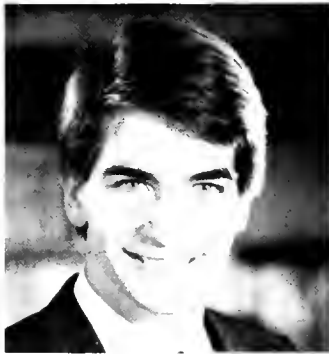
Drew Fiala



Mark Godfrey



Paul Hawkins



William Henry



Lester Hiraki



George Hodjera



Stewart Istvan



Andrew Leamy



Brian Lomax



David Lyon

CLASS OF 1984



Charles Magyar



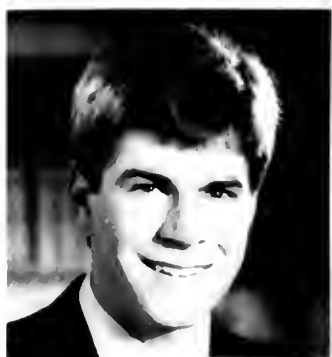
Paul Mann



Alexei Marchio



Gord Martin



John Matthews



Harry McKeown



Andrew Pace



Thomas Palo



Greg Petkovich



Michael Rose



Jeff Rusica



John Stephenson



Andrew Swinden



David Tanovich



James Thorpe



Peter Van

ABSENT: Harald Koch, Walden Ross



Chris Alexander - 1979-1984

No comment.



Robert Benzie - 1980-1984

Soccer (2 1/2 a), drama (1 1/2 a), procrastination (4a).

Memories: QUEBEC, Red Star, Studying the CLASSICS, Marlboro, RM. 13, U2/The Edge, CLASH OF '84, Daytona.

Regrets: "Not taking R&F", said Bob facetiously.

Quote: "Question Authority Before It Questions You."



David Brake - 1980-1984

Debating, drama, debauchery.

Consummatum est.

Advice: atque inter silvas academi quae rere verum

- Horace

However, lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate

- Dante.

I'm: A bookful blockhead, ignorantly read with loads of learned lumber in his head

- Pope.

Ambition: To construct the socialist order

- Lenin.



Roger Cattell - 1977-1984

Soccer (7a), Track (part time).

Once a dooda, always a dooda (Right P.H.)? -- YEOW -- No. 3 (D.F.).

Thanks for 7 great years, S.G.C.



Mark Clarke - 1977-1983



Kevin Eden - 1975-1984

Golf pro and team captain of SGCG&CC.
Three W's of seven, BBB Club, weak walls, broken pipes, thanks for all involved in my life at SGC (it's been real!).
Personal advice: If you drink, don't drive, (Don't even putt!)



Graeme Egan - 1977-1984

Soccer, basketball.
I've found out the worst thing about essays - sitting down and thinking about them.
Memories: Grade 8 history class, Quebec, my crazy classmates and crazy teachers.
Always remember when worst comes to worst, just say "highten up Francis"

- Stripes.



Drew Fiala - 1978-1984

"I came. I saw. I fell asleep."
- Drew Fiala - 1984



Mark Godfrey - 1982-1984

Soccer, hockey (82-83)
St. George's College has given me many memories: of sports, cross-country races, the Clash of '84, and parties. Grade 13 is a time to reflect back on our lives ... and think ... Oh God!



Paul Hawkins - 1977-1984

Je me souviens: Pennsylvania, Quebec, Daytona, BOAN, Stanhope, Grade 12 Chemistry, Being One, Being Free.
"We come to each other, gradually, but with love ... With love and with honesty ... the embrace is inevitable"

Tennessee Williams



William Henry - 1974-1984

York House, prefect, head of clubs, speaking union president.

First swim team, public affairs club, Reach for the Top!
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

-Browning, 1855.



Lester Hiraki - 1977-1984

The Oracle when called: "Lester's sleeping right now."
"We'll take a short recess, I'll come back and give you my decision."
Pet Peeve: narrow-minded, careless, ignorant people.



George Hodjera - 1977-1984

Memories: Chocolate sodas, Marlboro Country, Upstairs at Lester's, Mad Mary, Joyce's, "Stay Gold", Ed's "The future, Mr. Gittes, the future."

Thank you and good night.



Stewart Istvan - 1974-1984

Alias: SCHTU! (consult Roger for proper pronunciation)

Memories: Heh, heh, ya' hamburger!, Rodney's Runner, Fr. Scott's SS class, the "Wood Pile", You people!, Name game (nothing serious), Snowberry ha, ha, and 50 cases a week - Oh boy.

"You live only once, but if you live it right, once is enough."



Harald Koch - 1981-1984

Chief lighting technician (master Switch), teaching computer sciences.

Drucker's Law: The computer is a moron!

Koch's corollary: So are most computer programmers!!



Andrew Leamy - 1982-1984

Favourite subject - Algebra.
 Greatest fear - Mondays.
 Favourite activity - cleaning my car.
 Best memory - Graduating from high school in Houston.
 Worst memory: Moving to Toronto and having to take grade 13 twice!



Brian Lomax - 1975-1984

Baseball, basketball (captain twice), soccer, track, volleyball; thirteen teams altogether.
 "All true education is practical, for it makes the mind a keener and truer weapon."
 -John Buchan



David Lyon - 1979-1984

Swim, ski, volleyball teams, prefect.
 Life is filled with a multitude of challenges. Some of these are athletics, education, employment, families ... alright, let's be honest. Without copious assortments of food, life is useless!



Charles Magyar - 1978-1984

Basketball, Track and Field, soccer.
 Lead me not into temptation; I can find it myself.



Paul Mann - 1979-1984

Captain of the basketball and football teams for 5 years.
 I may not always be perfect, but I'm always me.
 Destiny: I don't know?
 Known to say - Wait one second.
 Greatest fear - Marriage.



Alexei Marcilio - 1974-1984

Seven years on school soccer team

Watches: John McEnroe (you cannot be serious!) Willie Upshaw, Condredge Holloway, Dave Semenko and girls.
Will remember: Mr. Tansey rewarding math, well done with 100 push-ups. Mr. Baxter (Gentlemen!) threatening Rodney the Running Shoe. Grade 4 reading in the Cathedral on tip-toe to reach the lectern.



Hartland McKeown - 1977-1984

Senior Hockey (captain), I, II, soccer I, II.

"Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do"



Andrew Pace - 1974-1984

Athletic coordinator, prefect, social activities, swimming, x-country.

"One of these days I should go to class"
"Baseball never dies"
"Thanks St. George's for 10 years of memories"
"I shall return"



Gord Martin - 1980-1984

Hockey, volleyball, baseball, prefect.

I would like to thank St. George's for four great years and the excellent preparation for university which I received.



John Matthews - 1980-1984

Cross-country, hockey, swimming, track and field.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what time it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman

Thanks for everything SGC.

- Lord Chesterfield

WINDSURF CHAMPIONS '84



Thomas Palo - 1977-1984



Greg Petkovich - 1979-1984

Swim team, photography club, drama club, Business Manager.

"Success is getting what you want;
Happiness is wanting what you get"
Anonymous



Michael Rose - 1981-1984

Prefect, sports coordinator, First team soccer (3a), First Hockey (2a), Senior Baseball.

Education is what you have left after you have forgotten everything you have learned.



Walden Ross - 1980-1984

Image is the façade of corruption.



Jeff Ruscica - 1974-1984

Camera club, volleyball, tutoring, house captain, drama sets, athletic supporter

"Those who give receive" Somerset Maugham



John Stephenson - 1981-1984

Drama, swim team and camera club.

"Why the h--- do you call me Spot?!"



Andrew Swinden - 1977-1984

"Where every man is a fighter
And no one quits the game
Where the bond of friendship's tighter
And honour more than fame."
(author unknown)



David Tanovich - 1975-1984

Captain of the luge team.
Ambition: Sports lawyer.
Probable fate: Racking cues in Christ's pool hall.
Favourite expression: "You wanna bet"
Pet peeve: Boy George.
Interest: Girls, soap operas, football, cars, sleeping.



Jamie Thompson - 1977-1984

Drama, Journey's End, Harlequinade, The Patient.

"All the world is a stage" and "May the 'forties be with you" Drama History 1980 assembly A Christmas Carol and Grade 8 music with Mr. Ringereide. Grade 9 physics class.

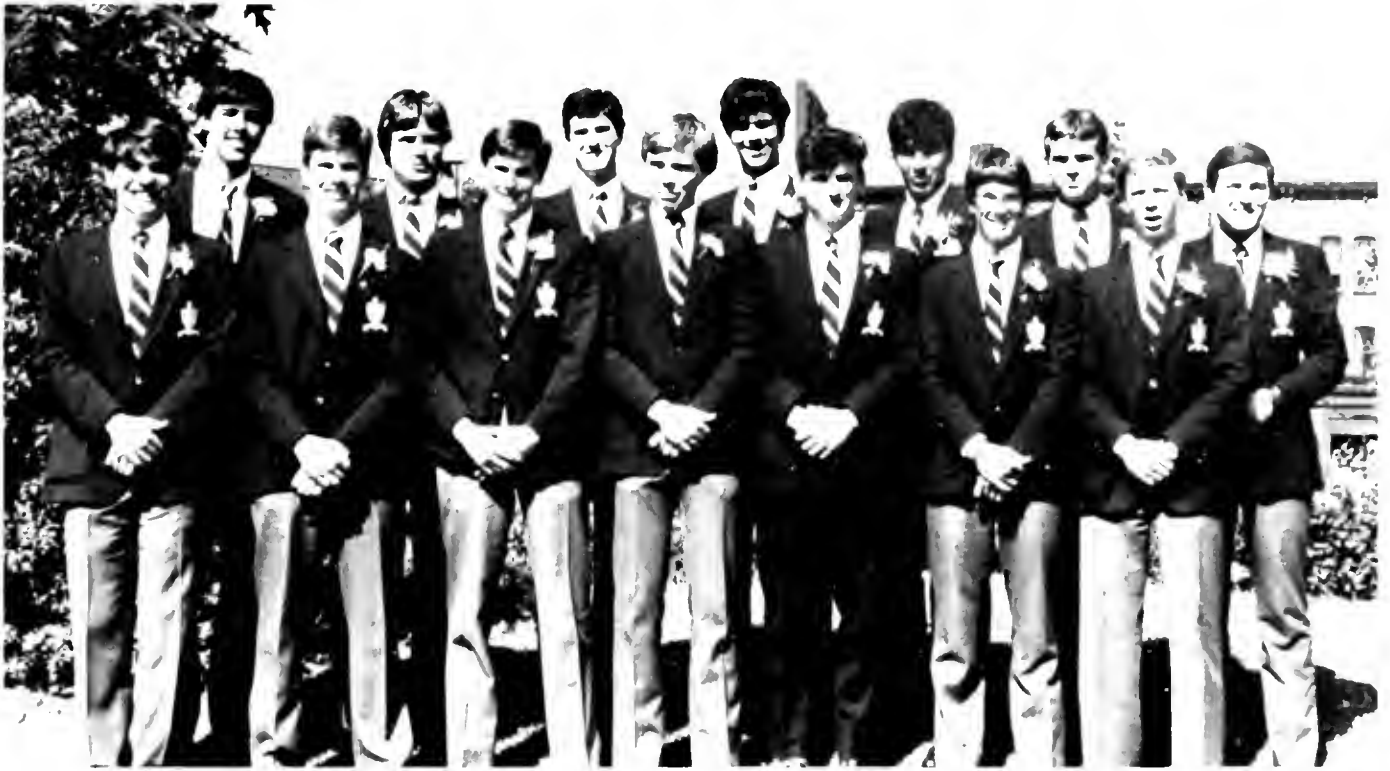


Patrick Yam - 1982-1984

Swim team, photography club.

Frankly my dear, I don't give a Yam.

PREFECTS



BACK ROW: David Lyon, Charles Magyar, Gordon Martin, Kevin Eden, David Tanovich, Stewart Istvan (Head Prefect).
FRONT ROW: William Henry, John Matthews, Michael Rose, Drew Fiala, Roger Cattell, Andrew Pace, Graeme Igan, Greg Petkovich.
ABSENT: Jeff Ruscica.

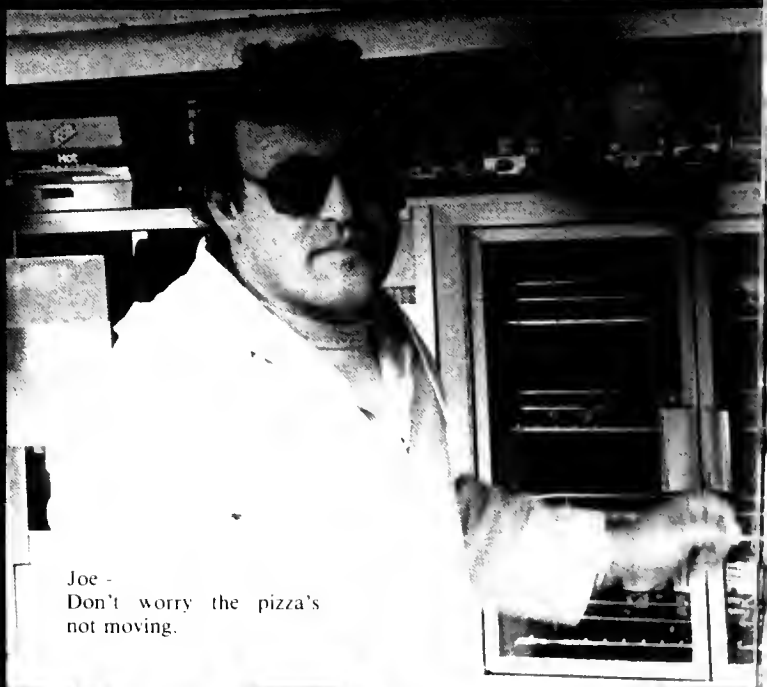




Mr. Stevenson -
Don't feed me after midnight.



It's the official S.G.C. Hat Pageant.



Joe -
Don't worry the pizza's
not moving.



Mr. Birkett
Ahem, no doubt



Mr. Haslett -
I call this my thinking cap.



Mr. Demierre -
Come on guys, scream from the diaphragm!



Fr. Michael
What do you mean, "Have I nie Hoo?"



Mr. Nakatsu
No one has even seen me sweat and lived



Mr. Hookey
My X axis is in the right place



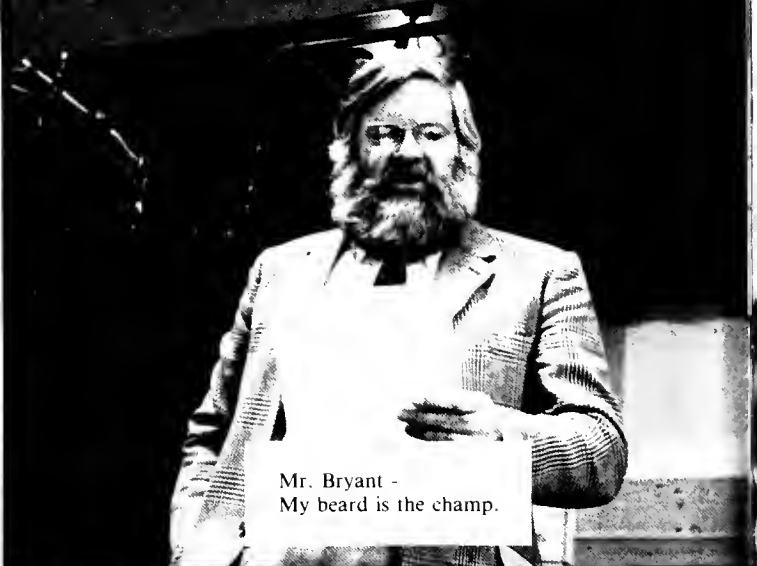
Mr. M.M.
Editor: REAM



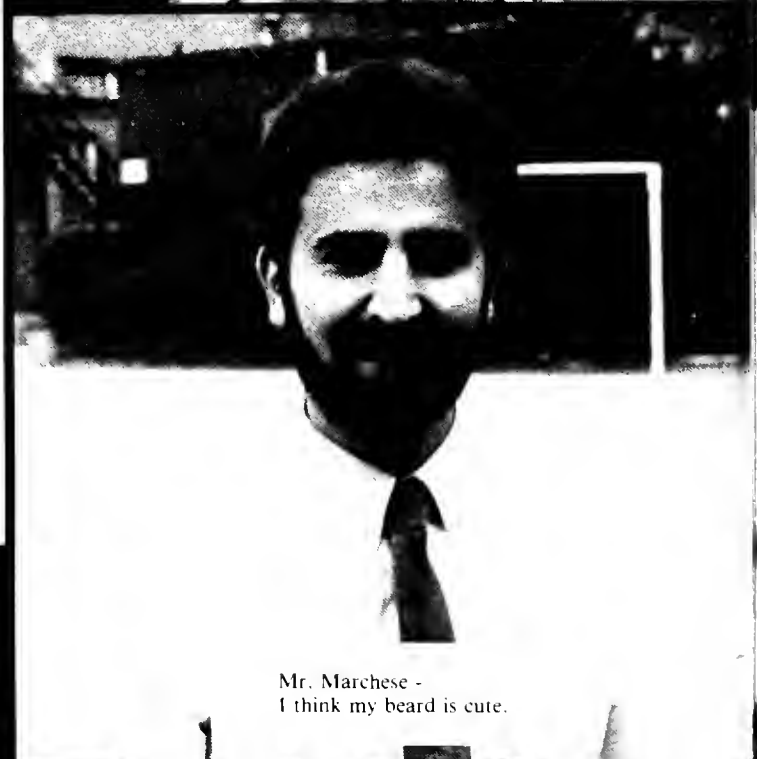
Mr. Harper -
My beard is neater.



Mr. Kerr
What do all these people have to hide?



Mr. Bryant -
My beard is the champ.



Mr. Marchese -
I think my beard is cute.



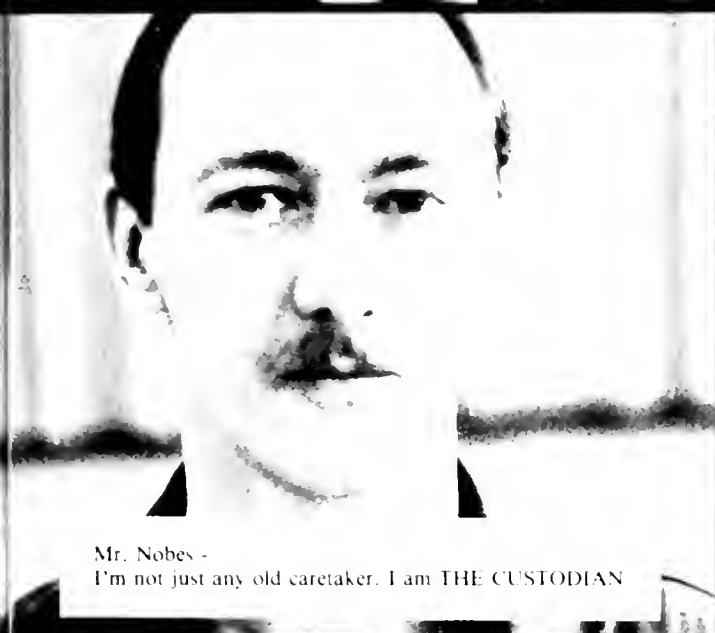
Mr. O'Meara -
I just try to look like a jock.



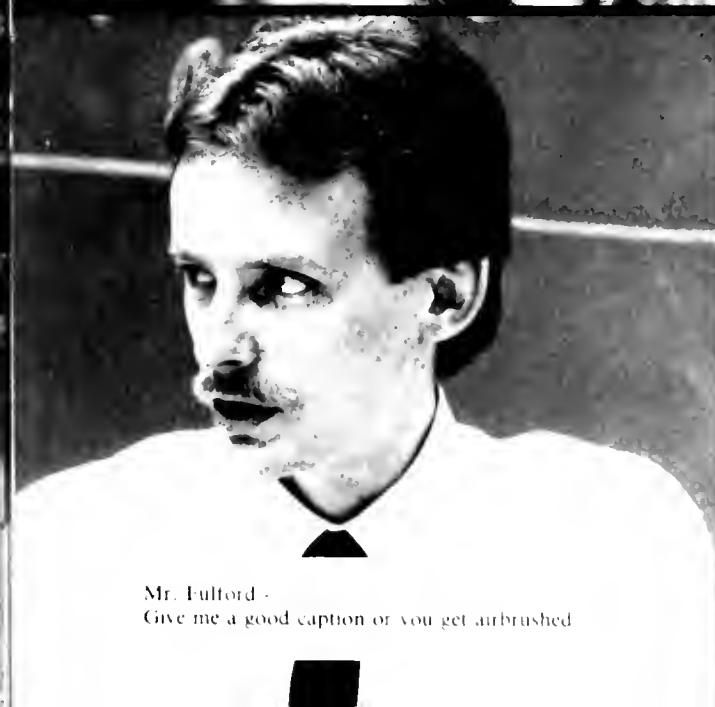
Mr. Turvey -
Think again, my child.



Mr. Ackley -
Groogooogaga



Mr. Nobes -
I'm not just any old caretaker. I am THE CUSTODIAN



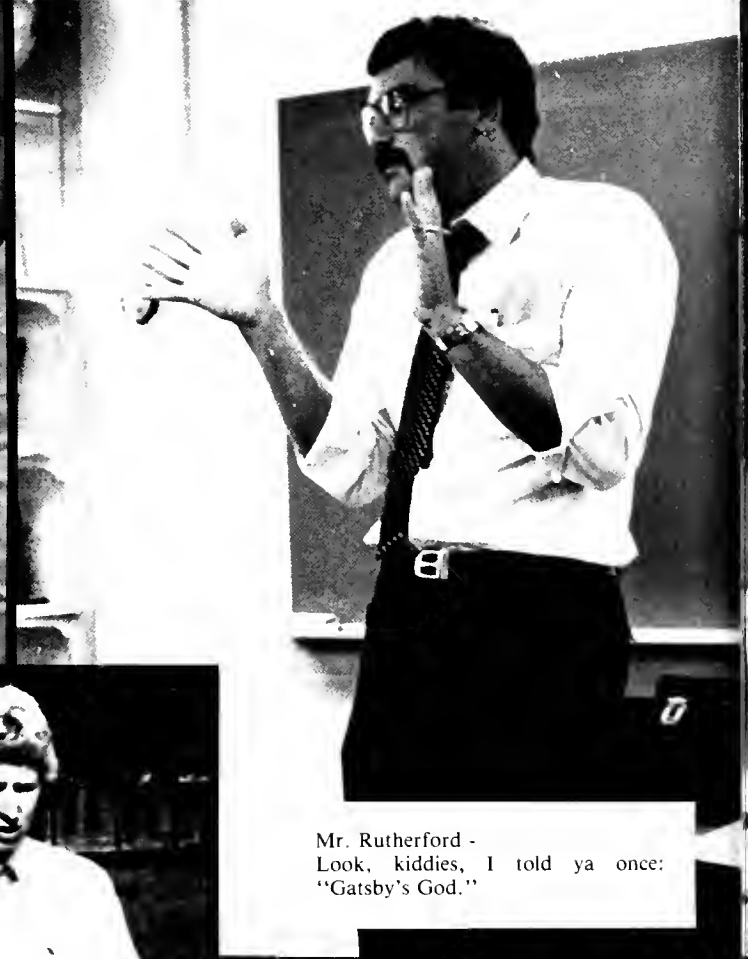
Mr. Fullford -
Give me a good caption or you get airbrushed



Mr. Lowe -
No, these are



Mr. D'Arcy -
And "Hi" to you, so there!



Mr. Rutherford -
Look, kiddies, I told ya once:
"Gatsby's God."



Mr. Schremer -
Congratulations. You've won a trip for two to
Medicine Hat.



Mr. Walker -
Does it not?



Mr. Wilson -
You come up here and we'll discuss the time
factor.



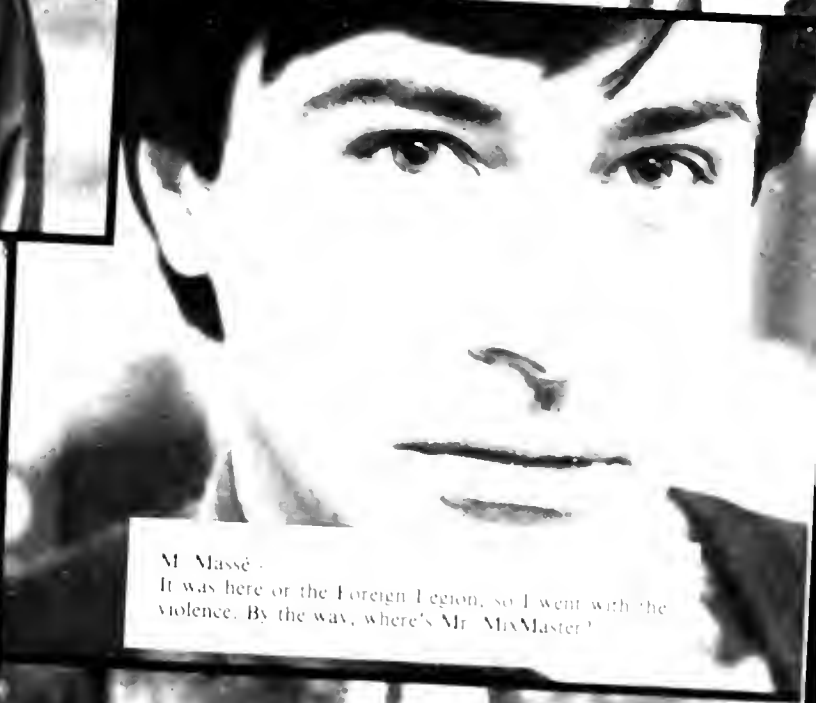
Mr. Armitage -
Zappo!



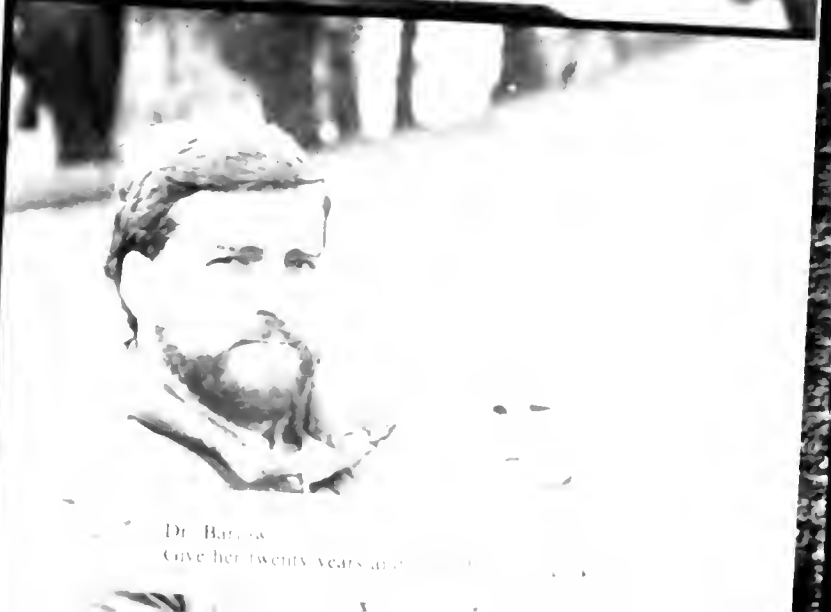
He'll get used to the climate



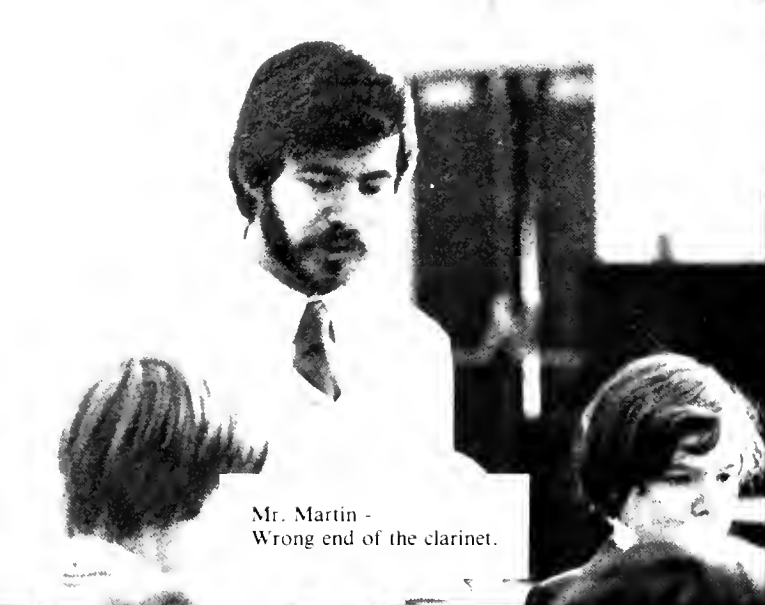
Mr. Dunkley
Hey, ritzy joint!



Mr. Massé -
It was here or the Foreign Legion, so I went with the
violence. By the way, where's Mr. MixMaster?



Dr. Barrow
Give her twenty years and...



Mr. Martin -
Wrong end of the clarinet.



Mr. McElroy -
Nobody laughs behind MY back.



Mr. Bentley -
And then my train came in.



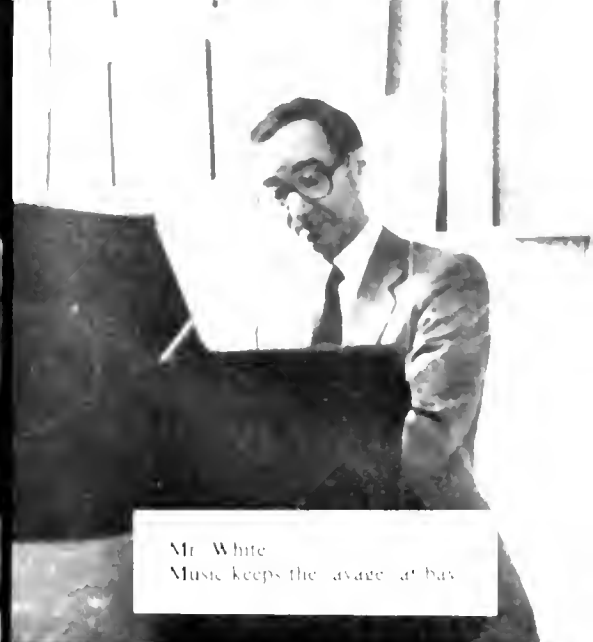
Mrs. McCrory -
Gee! Don't do that to a hard-
cover



Mrs. Vandenberg -
I'm not only pretty but I'm efficient too.



Mr. Bradley -
No, I won't show you what he wrote on my chin.



Mr. White
Music keeps the savage at bay



Mr. Wade West
I don't do this much



Mrs. Keresteci
No firearms, please



Mr. A.
White ARE

GRADE 13



FOURTH ROW: Greg Petkovich, Harty McKeown, Mark Godfrey, Michael Rose, Andrew Swinden, William Henry, Mark Clarke, Graeme Egan, Jamie Thompson.

THIRD ROW: Jeffrey Ruscica, Kevin Eden, Stewart Istvan, David Tanovich, Gord Martin, Walden Ross, Paul Hawkins, Alexei Marcilio, Thomas Palo, John Stephenson.

SECOND ROW: Harald Koch, John Matthews, Brian Lomax, David Lyon, Charles Magyar, Drew Fiala, Roger Cattell, George Hodjera.

FIRST ROW: David Brake, Patrick Yam, Robert Benzie, Andrew Pace, Paul Mann, Chris Alexander, Andrew Leamy, Lester Hiraki.

It was the best of times. It was the cursed of times. Although "colourful" language was used, not infrequently, by grade thirteens in 1983/84 to describe things pertaining to SGC, the general feeling within the graduating class is that we have enjoyed our years at the college and credit ourselves fortunate to be able to graduate from such an institution. We do, however, realize that all things, be they good or bad, must come to an end, and on June 14, 1984 the graduating class of 1984 was ancient history around the hallowed corridors of St. George's College.

1983/84 was a productive and eventful year for the grade thirteen class. We contributed extensively to the sports and drama programmes; and class members organized dances, a talent night, two semi-formals, and a fantastic grad formal (thanks Greg). Thirteens were involved in countless assemblies and car accidents and, much to this writer's chagrin, some boys even received detentions. Needless to say, enough said about that.

Lester's 250 person mega-party, "Women Behind Bars", Mr. Walker's party and the SGCA dinner were other memorable events. The Washington expedition was interesting, and while in D.C., the class officially en-

dorsed Rev. Jesse Jackson for President in 1984. After all, now is the time!

The Thirteen Room is far and away the best part of grade thirteen. This year, the room boasted the largest collection of Marlboro advertisements and paraphernalia outside of Richmond, Virginia. Because the Thirteen Room was one of SGC's showcases, it was photographed for *ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST*, *TOWN & COUNTRY* AND *NATIONAL LAMPOON*. We decorated the room in a post-classical hyper-modernist style reminiscent of the celebrated Toronto Sewer System of the 1950's. 1983/84 even saw many thirteens leaving the Room and attending classes on a regular basis. In fact, some grads could be going to recognized post-secondary school institutions in September. Unfortunately for the rest of us, the University of Budweiser is not a recognized post-secondary school learning institution.

It is a far, far better thing that if asked "should I stay or should I go"; I go. It is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known. Thank you, good-bye and "chowder".

Robert Benzie



Who are these people? - The KINDERGARTEN CLASS OF 1970 or thereabouts?

TWELVE-R



BACK ROW: Jeff Ramage, Jaime Spangenberg, Tony Culverwell, Nils Voermann, Keith Stinson, John Quaggin, Scott Merrick, John Cimba, Charles Morris, Mr. G. Rutherford.

FRONT ROW: Frederick Fruehauf, D.J. Clyde, Victor Frieberg, Colin Paul, Tony Hanley, Graham Hunt, Greg McLeish, John Eastcott, Amin Nizami.

ABSENT: Kent Kirkpatrick.





Being seventeen and having the pressures of adulthood weighing more and more heavily on our backs with each coming day, has made 1984 a year of indecision for grade 12. The future (much like our math marks) looked frightening and bleak. We had come down to the wire, we needed help and guidance, and we needed it fast!

The answer to our prayers was a mystical gypsy fortune teller, Miss Esmerelda. She alone could foretell our futures by reading our palms. This is what she saw:

J.R.: A pattern resembling weasel tracks 'was found on Jeff's hand. He would undoubtedly become a fur trader. J.S.'s bleached, faded palms foretold of a fulfilling life as a missionary for the albino pygmies of remote N.E. Africa. N.V., according to Miss Esmerelda, would play for the B.C. Lions (Jo-Jo!). T.C.'s zig-zaggy palm lines indicated an electrifying career as bass player for Duran Duran. K.K. unfortunately would have his life cut short in his twenties, probably from sharing a one-room apartment with Christie Brinkley. J.Q. - Miss Esmerelda had great difficulty deciphering the tangle of intricate cleavage of John's palm. She had to leave in order to consult her hand-readers' dictionary. K.S.'s leg line was disjointed, warning of potentially high susceptibility of injury to the leg. K. would most likely follow in the footsteps, or rather tracks, of the infamous Mr. Ironside. C.M. showed a definite inclination toward acting in front of small children. Miss Esmerelda concluded that C. would either host a kiddie tele-show or become a child molester. T.H. - definitely

the next Leo Trevino. S.M.'s delicate network of lightly-bronzed palm lines indicated a future as a hairstylist. Miss Esmerelda suggested that a closer inspection of S.'s hand would be necessary, and an appointment was arranged for the following night. G.M.'s scarred palms indicated a high tolerance to, and enjoyment of, torture. This made G. an ideal candidate for the espionage business. V.F.'s hand showed a striking resemblance to the pattern of sedimentary rock formations of S.W. Ontario. Integration into the dynamic field of geo-physical prospecting was advised. G.H.'s palm lines were those of a chemist. She predicted that G. would conduct experiments on the interrelations between acids and heavy metals. F.F. had the money line of a relentless scrounger. Miss Esmerelda recommended that he join the German branch of the I.R.S. J.H.'s palm was that of a swank and sophisticated fashion designer, namely, Boy George's. C.P.'s lifeline was curiously shaped like a mushroom. But due to C.'s love for animals, Miss Esmerelda advised that C. become a taxidermist rather than a mushroom farmer. J.C.'s hand, she reported, showed great promise in the field of designing athletic supporters for A.N. - his hand showed no visible lines. Trembling with awe, she concluded that A. had the ability to transcend from one sphere of reality to another and foretold that Amin would someday likely be regarded as Christ in His second coming! (With these words, the classroom was bathed in a Holy light and the mysterious Miss Esmerelda vanished.)

TWELVE-S



BACK ROW: George Skarbek-Borowski, Jeremy Graham, Jamie Moore, Ian Hardacre, Peter Thomson, Paul Clark, Tim Tanner, Gregor Gilbert, Mr. W. Schreiner.

FRONT ROW: Paul Shirer, Christopher Bramble, Andrew Yip, Paul Overbaugh, George Kerr, William McCausland, David Mosher, David Feliciant, Stewart Daniels.





A new face indeed.



The face we all know so well



A very old face indeed.



A dark hill rises into the twilight sky, climbing above the wreckage of a past civilization which litters the surrounding plain. At the crest of the hill a man's silhouette stands revealed against a blood red sky.

An almost indiscernible green glow emanates from the man's clothes and skin, while the words "bang your head 'till it falls off" adorns the front of his grimy, ragged tee-shirt. A large stone-blade axe hangs from his belt and he supports the heavy club at his feet with one hairy hand. These weapons, dangerous though they may be, are not the fearsome part of his appearance. No, it is the four soiled and stained ties draped around his neck which strike terror into the hearts of his enemies.

These ties are decorated with faded colours and patterns which represent the four clans of the Georger, a legendary race of men who were the fiercest warriors of the past age. Only the greatest of these men could wear the colours of all four clans, and they were given the cryptic name "Twelf-ees".

The man on the hill is a twelf-ees. He has come to this hill to perform the ancient ritual of his kind. As the last light fades from the sky, he fills his lungs with the hot, dry air, and prepares to give voice to his deepest thoughts. He says: "boogaboogaboogaboogabooga-booga."

Such is the price of being a twelf-ees.

By Stewart Daniels

ELEVEN-N



BACK ROW: Stephen Beatty, David Martin, Andrew Crysdale, Greg Shirley, Jonathan Lo, Andrew Drillis.
MIDDLE ROW: Ian Pattinson, Grant Horwood, John Chisholm, Harold Kent, Svend Videbak, Geoffrey Brown, Andreas Kröger, Tim Denison, Todd Yelle.
FRONT ROW: Jonathan Harty, Tim Bramble, Nicholas Golding, David Corner, Michael Poth, Scott Munn, Hernan Isotta, Michael Turner.
ABSENT: Craig Godsoe.

For those attending St. George's, the Eleventh Form was most beneficial to all, or at least all who let it be so. For many, it was a time when realizations about life and about ourselves came to light. There certainly is a marked difference in the characters of people from the previous year. Life became more of a challenge, but the growth in maturity allowed us to tackle it. Relationships, hardships, the scholarships developed a much more serious place in our minds and hearts; this was shown through the changes which occurred in us. Growing up is often hard to do, but it is something which we must all face at one time or another. Many have. Many are trying. Many have a long way to go. In order to successfully make one's way through it, a little more is required ...

"Give a little bit
Give a little bit of your love to me
And I'll give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my life for you."

Rodger Hodgson/Rick Davies 1977

M. Poth





ELEVEN-W



BACK ROW: William Balan, Hugh McKee, Bruce Patterson, Paul Shakotko, Charles Fowler, Owen David.

MIDDLE ROW: Eric Fripp, Jeff Hewat, Greg Sutton, Ian Campbell, Edward York, Philip Thompson, Gordon Paul, Charles Robinson, Mr. W. Wilson.

FRONT ROW: Andrew Godfrey, Barton Earle, Alistair Hicks, Peter Smith, Jason Durish, James Stuart, Timothy Verbic, Joy Sarkar.

ABSENT: David Roode.





Nineteen eighty-four, the year chosen by Orwell to wail about the dangers of conformism, has safely arrived to the boys of 11W. Despite the vehement requests by the T.T.C. for showing our special passes to collectors (Toronto's version of the Thought Police), we, the inhabitants of lovely room 10 on the equally lovely campus of St. George's, remain adamant in keeping our individuality.

If one were to visit the College late in the evening, chances are that the only person remaining would be Barton Earle, tapping away at the computer in a demoniac frenzy. And if one were to visit by day, chances are that one would NOT encounter Peter Smith, known as the "part-time student".

Determination is a trait abundant in 11W. Joy Sarkar, despite his claims that "I wuk ha-ad when I wuk", has proven time and again that H.G. Wells' assertion that "human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe" is wrong. Joy (and most others) know that education and catastrophe are co-conspirators. Then there's the promise by Hugh McKee to allow Ian Campbell to place first in geography. (In September, Hugh predicted that Ian would be first; however, he is convinced that Ian's second-place holding is only an attempt to foul up Hugh's prediction.)

Consider Charles Robinson, whose automotive mishaps no longer amaze anyone except the staff of his insurance company; or Gordon Paul, whose poetry clearly shows the effects of the Eleventh Form. I dare say that Phil Thompson will one day host a television show entitled "The View from the Fringes" (I myself will probably be a guest host on numerous occasions).

Eric Fripp is another example of the ill-effects of the Eleventh. Our own "Scott of the Antarctic" has the most peculiar habit of opening any window he may come across, even in sub-zero temperatures.

We seem to thrive on individualism.

Bruce Patterson

TEN-H



BACK ROW: Julian Flynn, Greg Hollander, Peter Istvan, Charles Duncan, Michael Woollcombe, Stephen Jones, Timothy Walters, Michael Globe.

MIDDLE ROW: Vincenzo Natali, Bruno Solby, Robert Cameron, Robert O'Connor, Tony Lesiak, Chris Cook, Adam Gilbert, Brent Barclay, Mr. G. Haslett.

FRONT ROW: Kyle Thompson, Steven Reinhard, Luis Del Pozo, Kevin Small, John Sayers, David Walker, Bruce Chapple, Donald Nichols, Ian Godfrey.





WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW!?

The following summarizes how the boys of St. George's College have pursued their goals and ambitions. Many have endured the hardships of life and have succeeded, but, but others ... HA!

Ian Godfrey: He became the 1992 Olympic Weightlifting Champion and reports say he is training for the Iron and He-man competitions.

Rob Cameron: The new president of Weight Watchers of Canada.

Chris Cook and J. Flynn: Last known survivors of World War III.

John Sayers: Died in an avalanche of History textbooks.

Bruno Solby: Opened a shop for Designer glasses.

Greg Hollander: ?????

Tim Walters: Arrested for continuously drawing mass crowds when not wearing a shirt.

Luis Del Pozo: Specializes in bizarre hair coloring.

Don Nichols: Disney's new movie star - DONBO.

Brent Barelay: Trampled to death by a mad rush of frenzied girls.

Rob O'Connor: Lead singer of Rob and the Knobbs.

Reinhard, Jones, and Woolcombe: Presidents of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Bruce Chapple: $234 \times 566 \times 96 \div 899 + .2336$, can he still do it?

Peter Istvan: Is wanted on a Canada wide manhunt search. Wanted for rape, murder, possession of drugs and weapons, robbery, and arson.

Kyle Thompson: Tragically, his brain shortcircuited.

Tony Lesiak: Back to Germany to become the ruler - Adolf Lesiak.

Adam Gilbert: Door to door salesman of Hoover Vacuums.

Dave Walker: Center of Philadelphia 76ers.

Charles Duncan: Died when a bear mistook his mouth for a cave.

Mike Globe: Of no fixed address.

Vince Natali: Recently set up a string of theatres and is about to create his 1000th movie.

Kevin Small: Started a school for book spinners.

By Peter Istvan and Steve Reinhard

TEN-M



BACK ROW: Jonathan Wheler, David Hewlett, John Mueller, Bernardo Sanchez, Kent Lindsey, Galen Ash, Robert McVicker, Peter Sturdee.
 MIDDLE ROW: Jason Holman, Michael Rutherford, Greg Jedlicka, Matthew Hodjera, Tony Gray, Adrian Thornbury, Robert Devry, Michael Henderson, Mr. G. Massé.
 FRONT ROW: Michael Brake, John Macdonald, Reza Satchu, Justin Ashley, Michael Henry, Gordon Manning, Andrew Gorman, Peter Morgan, Ferdinand Poon.





Dear Diary: (a typical Grade 10 day)

Today I arrived at school by 8:00 and as usual I entered Gary's Disco in room No. 1 to hear the pulsing beat of Ultravox and loads of the new church; I danced the morning away. Then to our quiet little homeroom where I caught the second showing of Jasper's Flying Circus performing their spinning book trick (remarkable!). Before I knew what had hit me, I was standing amidst chaos and confusion (science!) where I watched in awe at tinki's investigation 8.15 erupted in a cloud of purple smoke. Luckily Jonathan was on hand to give it a blast of water from a bunsen burner rigged up to the water tap. Mr. Walker entered soon after and lo and behold a couple of his desk legs were missing (us? never!). He attempted to sit on a corner and fell, directly hitting his nose. Following that came Geography and if I may borrow one of Mr. Wilson's intelligent and meaningful sayings, "My homework hung around my neck like the stone around the neck of the albatross." (wow!) as we watched his new movie "Mr. Wilson's tour of highways" (double wow). After that came uh, uh, uh, MATH (whammo!) where in the air lingered the long unanswered question "Are you crazy!?" During lunch I sat paralyzed watching in terror as spaghetti (bought from Joe's gourmet catering truck) crawled across the table and proceeded to consume my ham and cheese sandwich. Next we "hit" the showers with Mr. Ackley for Physical Education and then history with Gage Love (notorious for his wild pizza parties!) where we saw an educational war documentary called "BONZO GOES TO WAR" (I did not get many notes). After school activities consisting of running was next; running as fast as possible before we were dragged into some mindless after school game.

David H. & J. Wheeler
(but preferably) Anonymous.

PS. The heating has gone again!!!

NINE-L



BACK ROW: Thomas MacKay, Victor Mehra, Blake Brown, Richard Needham, Ian Voermann, Bradley McDonald, Anthony Woodruff, Chad Carter, Will Frupp.
MIDDLE ROW: David Cunningham, Jonathan Hames, Jeremy Smith, Stephen Suntok, Michael Noble, Jeffrey Rabin, Justin Osborne, David Baldwin, Kamran Khan, Yuri Botiuk, Mr. G. Love.
FRONT ROW: David Sturdee, Benjie Lockridge, Michael Rudan, Stuart Woolard, David Collombin, Kory Thompson, Ross Dixon, Sean Fennell, Theo Sevier.

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT TEACHING 9L CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

It's true! Look at Mr. Love. He used to be sane! But after just one week with us, he simply went bonkers. Although he did show signs of cracking down, such as being a White Sox fan, I think that it was Chad who finally created the monster. Nowadays, he just walks into our room, cursing under his breath, raving on about how much work we were going to do that period; then someone like Brad or Chad would trigger him off and we would spend the rest of the class from White Sox attire to Boy George's. And if you think that's bad, you haven't met Fr. Michael. Talk about your loony-tunes! He

walks into class absolutely paranoid that somebody is going to talk and subsequently kicks off by yelling, "Brilliant! Now we're promoted to grade two!", simply because Kamran scratched his head. Further, he is the only priest whom I know to speak such naughty words that even Tony has never heard of. He's a nice guy, but I've heard that he spends his spare time watching re-runs of the "Brady Bunch". You may judge for yourself. By the way, I'm not merely trying to cut up our masters. Look at Brad! He likes the Leafs! Other students who are just slightly off their rockers include: someone who likes Black Sabbath, a human punching-bag, and a Ukrainian who is convinced that the British are coming. Oh well! There is some good news that comes out of all this. I hear that renovations are being completed especially for us



down at old 999 Queen Street. Sorry, but I mustn't be caught out of my nicely-padded pink room. Bye!

Murdoch



Aaaarrrrrhhhhh Billy''



NINE-W



BACK ROW: Ashley Chow, David Bowen, Fraser Hore, Greg McGauley, Andrew Armstrong, Jeffrey Hess, Darren McDonald, Daniel Conn.
 MIDDLE ROW: George Thompson, Stuart Hatcher, Gregory Albrecht, Timothy Logan, Daniel Keogh, Michael Purdon, James Logan, Mark Fowler, Mr. R. Walker.
 FRONT ROW: Phillip LaFlair, Jason Field, Peter Wake, Roger Leistra, Alexis Carty, Adrian Melnick, Chris Harper, Jason McLean, Ashley Nicholls.
 ABSENT: Darren Prout, Nicholas Rodomar, Trevor Tymchuk.





9W: WHERE ARE THEY TODAY?

Albrecht - formed his own S.O.F. troop - "have gun, will travel" ('91).
 McLean - won B.M.X. championship of 1989 and is rock critic on the side.
 Melnick - stagehand for Toronto Theatre Company and last seen with Carty's briefcase ('87).
 Nicholls - never made it out of S.G.C. because he was late for it ('?).
 Keogh - bouncer for the Royal York Hotel lounge -- 301 victims to date ('92).
 Leistra - comedian (also Keogh's latest victim for bad show) ('92).
 Purdon - sent through new policy on S.G.C. dress regulation (anything goes) ('88).
 T. Logan - mathematics professor at UofT with a 99.9 average ('89).
 McDonald - after outstanding career as Blue Jays' bat boy, became a criminologist ('93).
 LaFlair - outstanding career with N.Y. Cosmos; liked it so much that he bought the team ('93).
 Thompson - after lifetime of partying, started to lead a normal life -- one house, two kids, ONE wife, ... ('90).
 Harper - has achieved normality and is starting to get in on what he missed out on ('89).
 McGauley - still the rock star ('91).
 Prout - has his own bar, called "Loafy's" -- class reunion to be held there in 1995 ('90).

S. Hatcher - he and Collombin doing a comedy act called "Abbott and Costello" ('89).
 Field - to compete in 1992 Olympics, showing his undaunted skill at tiddlywinks ('91).
 Rodomar - Argo fullback -- also bought Leggo Co. ('91).
 Tymchuk - writer -- latest release is "Furhead" ('88).
 Chow - took over Dad's office as a dentist and can hold a great conversation ('91).
 Conn - Canadian P.M. -- introduced new programme called "Operation Party" ('91).
 Hore - skied off into the distant sunset and has never been seen since ('89).
 Carty - after law school, signed with L.A. Lakers and took over his guy's job by the initials K.A.J. ('88).
 Hess and Bowen - playing for the N.J. Devils and led them to 1988 Stanley Cup ('88).
 Fowler - last seen at ABBA concert by classmates -- has since disappeared ('86).
 Wake - fell asleep on tube listening to walkman -- has yet to awake ('89).
 Rodney Walker - "still no respect!" ('84).
 Great year guys!
 I loved every laughing minute of it!
 Thanks a million!
 Mac

EIGHT-B



BACK ROW: Edward Hanley, Bryan Hobson, Ekke Loo, Peter Vaillancourt, David Cole, Lawrence Nichols, Daniel Vibe.

MIDDLE ROW: Drew Yamada, Craig Kodama, Jonathan Morgan, Nicholas Purdon, Glen Harris, Jason Gray, Wolfgang Vachon, Matthew Rogers, Mr. J. Birkett.

FRONT ROW: Ian MacTavish, Daniel Vernon, Scott Campbell, Adam Massey, Brian Andersen, Tim Earle, Martin Foster, David Harty, Darren White.





This is Front-Page Black reporting for the National Enquirer on my day with 8B at St. George's College. This morning I set out to find some obscure information to put in my column so people wouldn't think it was true. What I found blew my hat off! I didn't want to let the kids know I was there so I went into my portable "see-through-walls" room so I could see into the class but they couldn't see me. Since I could only see through the walls and not hear, I decided to go into the class itself during recess and get my invisible suit on. French class is over now so all the people in 8B are there. As soon as the teacher leaves, Ian MacTavish hits Drew Yamada in the back, Drew hits Ian on the arm, so Ian grabs Drew by the hair, pulls his head back so it is on the desk, and breathes on his face. Drew falls forward, barely conscious. Behind Ian, Craig Kodama is being choked by Matt Rogers. Craig slumps to his desk feigning unconsciousness. Matt lets go and Craig smashes him across the face with his chair. The teacher comes and all is quiet for a moment, Ian has disappeared. Mr. Fulford goes up to his desk. When he reaches for his chair, Ian jumps out from under the desk with a roar so loud even I can hear it. Mr. Fulford is smashed to a pulp against the blackboard because when Ian yelled, Harris screamed and jumped up, sending his desk against the teacher's. It is quiet for a moment then Ian says something to Glen, and he runs out of the room crying. The Janitor cleans up the mess, and Dr. Barlow yells at them, "If you do this again you'll all be expelled because we are running out of teachers!"

The next period is English again, but since their teacher was dead, they went outside, giving me a chance to get my invisible suit on and go into the room. When the kids come back into the room after recess they are informed that they had to go to the art room. I follow some of the kids up there and get ready to take down notes. Mr. Birkett hands out pieces of paper and tells the class to make album-covers. When the period is ten minutes underway, Ian comes into the room muttering unintelligible sounds. Ian gets a piece of paper and lightly scrawls AC/DC Goes Country on it. One boy named David Cole says it was stupid; so, Ian throws a chair at him. Unfortunately I was standing behind David; so, when he ducked the chair hit me in the stomach. When the chair hit me it broke my suit; so, I was clearly visible. Before anyone could react, I dashed out of the room and escaped outside. I left the school because I had enough information and I felt sick. I advise all reporters not to go there because I dropped my card on the floor and when I passed beneath the window I heard Ian yell, "He's a reporter guys, let's kill him! You first Brian". After he said that he threw Brian Andersen out the third-story window at me.

EIGHT-M



BACK ROW: Andrew Cullen, Graham Crate, David Suntok, Scott Saunderson, Andrew Baldwin, Neil Shelley, Peter LePiane, Robert Cairncross.

MIDDLE ROW: Greg Hess, Stephen Turvey, Matthew Beam, Jack Julian, Glenn Hadden, Jason Marsh, Ted Rapanos, Thomas Lissaman, Mr. F. Marchese.

FRONT ROW: Gregory Bolton, Geoffrey Goodwin, Richard Macey, Stephen Butler, Edward Logan, Robert Eng, Andrew VanNostrand, Robert Clarkson, Guy Bowen.

"Let's get up everyone out there in Toronto" says the man on C.F.N.Y. 6:45 I wake up, struggle down my ladder still wondering where I am. I get dressed, and leave for school, St. George's College what a school. I have to get up at least an hour earlier than the rest of the world. How out of touch can you get! Anyway I wait to get on the bus. Upon boarding, I trip, and all my stuff goes flying. 8:05 I get to school still a little tired. The bell rings and I deek through to get to my locker so I'm not late ... but I fail. Next stop assembly. I grope up the stairs and find that Dr. Barlow is already present, but that's not the worst part: we have to sing "O Canada" in French. We all start: O Canada terre de nose aleux ton front ... mumble mumble the 'Doc' was not

pleased. The first period OK, we heard an interesting story and then we started talking. Fr. Michael shouts in English: "Who's talking?!" Goodwin, Cullen and Macey stand up. "Why were you talking?" "Well sir," begins Goodwin. When the bell rings and they are saved. The second period is with Mr. Marchese. "Gentlemen if you don't have your homework done you won't be able to move your arms and I'm not threatening, I'm promising". Barely slipped through that class. Third torture is science with Mr. Schreiner. "OK let's have a little attendance here". It is always fun in science burning your pens into shrivels. Next was ... was a a oh yes math and English but it's all a blurr anyway.





Lunch is quite normal, Fig-newton fight in the back of Ketchum Hall. I get inside and wait for Mr. Birkett to arrive, and end up having an argument with Shelley whether Michael Jackson is good or not. Meanwhile, Glen, for no reason yells out one of his pointless sayings: "Close the door where do you live, in a barn or something?" Everybody chuckles as Mr. Birkett comes through the door. By mid-period, the paperballs and erasers come out and by the end, the place is a mess. Music is musical as it always is. Then finally last period came History. I don't have too much trouble with it or so I thought. "Beam next question," Mr. Bradley said. I

gave a short doubtful answer. There was a pause but I knew what was coming. With an astonished look on his face, Mr. Bradley said: "Is that all you have down?", I nodded with a grim look on my face. "Please no detention" I said to myself, "I can't take it, I almost had the day cleared but then this and more." He asked Butler and of course he gave the fullest most perfect answer. Mr. Bradley smiled at Butler, and then turned and glared at me and said: "I ought to spank you on your bottom" but I got the detention.

Matt Bear

SEVEN-H



BACK ROW: David Farquharson, Howard Harshaw, Geoffrey Perkovich, Kalin Pallett, Christos Doulis, Simon West.
MIDDLE ROW: Michael Adamson, Giles Anderson, John Rae, David Bourne, Iain Lovatt, Subha Dasgupta, Alexander Dent, Michael Pickersgill, Gordon Smith, Mr. S. Harper.
FRONT ROW: Andrew Delph, Jonathan Zeidman, Edward Morgan, Michael Chisholm, Alan Polak, Kevin Gilmour, Hugh Prichard, Scott Yamada, Jeffrey Warren.





Beep ... Beep ... Beep ... Beep.

"Shut up you stupid alarm!", I answered the beeping.

I groped around and found my clock, turned it off, and got up. I stubbed my toe on the door and hit my hand on the lock part, and when I got to the bathroom I was blinded with light. After my eyes became adjusted to the light, I gazed in the mirror.

"You look really bad, Kalin," I said to myself.

"I know", I answered.

In the morning I have this unknown habit of talking to myself. I was ready soon and in a while I was passing Christie station on the subway.

The doors opened and there was the usual clutter. About five minutes later I was at St. George's. When I got to the classroom, nothing surprised me - paperballs were flying, and pencils were flying from desk tops. Everybody was screaming and yelling.

After Chapel we had French. Mr. Birkett's French class is always noisy, we can never control our voices, but when he comes in, we usually have alot of fun. Next we had C.K. Fr. Michael is a really nice guy. Everyone is trying to bribe him to shave off his beard, but he won't. All of the other teachers we have are Mr. Harper, Mr. Marchese, and Mr. Stevenson. They are all very nice too. Mr. Stevenson has some imaginary characters, and here are some of their names: Nerves, Ann Orexia, Botolph, Bertha, and some others. He makes up a lot of weird sentences using these characters.

So far life at St. George's is really nice. In tuture time, I think I'll have a lot of fun here.

By Kalin Pallott



SEVEN-S



BACK ROW: Cameron Wheler, Michael Kovrig, Graham Fisher, Jonathan Carpenter, Asif Satchu, Richard Burgess, Michael Jones, Ross Finley.
 MIDDLE ROW: Michael Hastings, Ian Hay, John Sievenpiper, Karl Gerulath, Malcolm Nobbs, Kevin Warren, Tom Appleyard, Chris Armstrong, Scott Arnold.
 FRONT ROW: Tim Rodomar, David Barclay, Chris Munro, Bruce McAdie, Andrew Golding, Andrew Proctor, Scott Baines, Michael Gravenor, Tom Broen.





We are Seven-S. We have a rather eccentric Form-Master and English teacher. His name is Mr. Stevenson. He enjoys giving us peculiar blackboard grammar sentences that consist of Boltolph and Lolita, beautiful Bertha and an electric person or robot of some sort called Xerxes whose diet does not exclude whirring electric beaters.

Then there's Fr. Michael. One day during C.K., Fr. Michael asked

the class where the last supper took place and Richard Burgess answered, "in a one bedroom apartment" and everybody laughed including Fr. Michael. Seven-S has other teachers too, some with interesting characteristics. All in all, I have enjoyed SGC quite a lot, and had an all around good time.

Ross Finley

GRADE SIX



BACK ROW: Sean Gurd, Jake Moore, Andrew Bennett, Sam Babe, Gordon Pell, Christopher Yelle, Matthew Thompson, Max Perren.
MIDDLE ROW: Martin Cheang, Jamie Peters, Jason Start, Trevor Jackson, Desmond Teichman, Matthew Johnston, Adrian Colussi, Michael Giddy, Christopher Sievert, Mr. G. Hookey.
FRONT ROW: Tuhin Giri, James Nightingale, Craig Woolard, Peter Shirer, Charles Coristine, Kit Barton, Robert duToit, Christopher Wahl.
ABSENT: Richard Vile.



OUR GOALS



Jekyll and Hyde.



Three cheeses.

Giri: To be the smartest person in the school.

Gurd: The last person to join ABBA.

Peters: To be Canada's greatest singer.

Bennett: To be a better priest than Father Michael.

Moore: To own Commodore.

Wahl: To be a loanshark.

Yelle: To start Bowiemania.

Shirer: To sing with Black Sabbath.

Thompson: The best football player in the N.F.L.

Babe: The world's best punk cartoonist.

duToit: To be the greatest bingo announcer.

Barton: To ask the most questions in a minute.

Johnston: To join Her Majesty's Secret Service.

Giddy: To be a pro basketball player.

Cheang: The world's shortest Kojak.

Colussi: To be Mr. McElroy's pet.

Jackson: To be a pro D&D player.

Coristine: The world's greatest talker.

Teichman: To be the best skier on Blue Mountain.

Woolard: To be smarter than Giri.

Nightingale: The smallest person in the school.

Pell: The world's greatest hockey player.

Sievert: The world's greatest tattle-tale.

Perren: To paint the town pink.

Vile: The all-time Atari champ.

Start: We'll never know.

Mr. Hookey: To be more organized.

The Class: To be less organized.

GRADE FIVE



BACK ROW: Robin Brown, Tim Corlis, Michael Newbigging, Tim Stewart, Matthew Teichman, Peter Jackson, David Hoare, Mark Schatzker.
MIDDLE ROW: Chris Jackson, Scott Allen, Simon Carpenter, Christopher Ross, David Newbould, Brett Hansen, Ken Ducci, Michael Pezell, Neal Gilmer, Craig Sayers, Mr. W. McElroy.
FRONT ROW: Douglas Macey, Graham White, Aleksei Stosic, Jeffrey Butler, Christopher Young, Nigel Ryce, Peter Gerulath, Vitas Sipelis.





It was the first day of school, and everyone was staggering into class. It was my first year at St. George's, and I was frightened to bits as I walked into Mr. McElroy's classroom. Everyone tried to smile, but it was impossible. We were not even talking since we all knew that Mr. McElroy was the deadliest teacher in school. When he walked into the classroom, everyone stared at him. He was wearing his mean grin. After a dreadful 80 minutes had passed, we changed classes. The day passed very slowly, and that week was not one of my happiest ones.

Surprisingly, by the end of the second week, I had understood Mr. McElroy's feelings. I understood that he wanted to be a good teacher. Even when I was assigned "garbage duty" for a week, my feelings about him did not change. I started to enjoy the school very much. It did become quite cold, however, when Mr. McElroy would leave the windows open while it was freezing outside, and I of course froze to death.

Sometimes, I do not remember the friends I had at my old school, but that does not matter as my friends at St. George's are much better. I feel very proud of my school and the Fifth grade. And by now, everyone laughs at Mr. McElroy's jokes. He is a true friend.

GRADE FOUR



BACK ROW: Hassan Abdullah, James Thompson, Patrick Nobbs, Andrew Waschuk, Craig Mason, Daragh Sankey, Joshua Peace, Mr. R. Turvey.
FRONT ROW: Anthony Lo, Ryan Monaghan, Hugo Gould-Marks, Conrad King, Robin West, Cameron Sievert, Christopher Watchorn, Rajiv Chopra, Michael Bardyn.



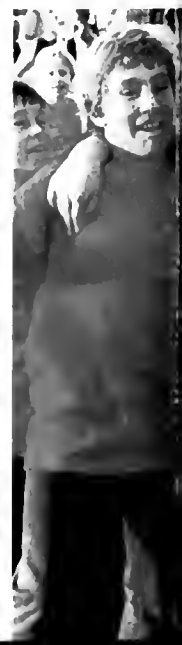


MY SICK TRIP TO THE R.O.M.

Once upon a time, it was a nice day and we were going to the R.O.M. All the kids wanted to know why we had to walk. We were half way there when I saw a subway station. I asked Mr. Turvey what station it was. He said St. George or something like that. When we got there we had to have these little buttons that said "R.O.M.". I thought it was stupid but I guess we had to have it. We walked for about two miles, or so it seemed. We were there to see "Silk Roads - China Ships". I started to feel sick. After we saw the exhibit, we watched a movie. I fell asleep. I woke up and saw the class charging out the door - we never walk in single file! I caught up with them. We put on our coats and started off back to school. I still felt sick. Walking back, I was about one mile behind. When Mr. Turvey came to a stoplight he screamed, "Hurry up!". When we got back to school it was hard to get up the stairs because of those overgrown elephants, the grade sevens. I got my lunch and went to Ketchup Hall. Luckily we didn't have to wait for grace. When I was eating I felt like throwing up. After I felt really sick, so I phoned my mom to come and pick me up and she did. That was only the morning!

Cam Sievert







SPORTS





SENIOR SOCCER



BACK ROW: Graeme Egan, John Cimba, Mark Godfrey, Alexei Marcilio, Charles Magyar, Michael Rose, Roger Cattell, Peter Smith.
FRONT ROW: Mr. R. Walker, Greg Sutton, Paul Shirer, George Kerr, Kevin Eden, Scott Munn, Jason Durish, Alistair Hicks.
ABSENT: Stewart Istvan.





After having won our first game against a traditionally strong opponent, Hillfield, and having successfully ranked fourth out of twelve teams at the ISSA tournament, we ran into some difficulty. Untimely injuries and other demoralizing factors placed the team into a slump of several successive losses.

On the offense, Roger Cattell and Paul Shirer supplied speed down the sidelines. Fortunately, for everyone except us, Roger "The Legend" found it tougher to score on an empty net than on one with a goalie. The inside forwards, Graeme Egan and Alexei Marcilio, improved at their position throughout the year. The consistent halfbacking core comprised first-year players Scott Munn and Jason "Kick It Out Of Bounds" Durish. The inside halves, controlling the centre, were Michael, Rose and John Cimba. The defense backs, Stewart Istvan and Charles Magyar, had both size and strength on their side. In their rather aggressive style, both Charles and Stewart injured themselves more than their opponents. Two more first-year players, Al Hicks and Owen David, played consistently

throughout the year. Finally, George Kerr and Kevin Eden pulled the team through several tight situations by making timely saves.

Thanks must go to Mr. Walker, for his time and support, even when things looked hopeless.

By the way, as we walked off the field after our last game, the distant chants of "State of Confusion" lingered on the horizon.

John Cimba
Michael Rose



UNDER 16 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Bruce Chapple, Tony Lesiak, Steve Reinhard, P.J. Osborne, Adrian Thornbury, Brent Barclay, Paul Overbaugh, Todd Yelle, Mike Purdon, Mr. Hookey.
FRONT ROW: Ferdinand Poon, Mike Noble, Joy Sarkar, Bernardo Sanchez, Adam Gilbert.

Even though the under 16 team had a mid-season slump, due to the fact that some of the players were constantly afraid that there would be no after-game crackers; we, the U16's 'pulled off' a pretty strong record.

In the ISAA tournament we tried our best but, unfortunately came in fourth. At the time of the tournament we had been reassured about the after-game crackers, so we were freed from our previous slump. The games were short and regardless of our superior ability, we were narrowly beaten by Crescent. Later on, we out-played UCC but the victory was snatched from our grip in a decisive 'shoot-out'.

It was rather an unfortunate way to end a season that started out in a five game unbeaten streak. However, we did beat the staff ... twice! Look out next year, we will be back in force ...

Bruce Chapple



UNDER 14 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Wolfgang Vachon, Robert Cairncross, Glenn Hadden, George Thompson, Andrew Armstrong, Nicholas Purdon, Neil Shelley, Matthew Beam, Greg Hess, Mr. Harper.
FRONT ROW: Gordon Pell, Phillip LaFlair, Kory Thompson, Darren White, Richard Burgess, Drew Yamada, Stephen Butler.



The members of this infamous soccer team demonstrated many moments of brilliance during their 14 match season. Unfortunately, they could not reproduce last year's memorable record. Nevertheless, they played well and had an enjoyable time. Many thanks are due to the captain, George Thompson; the manager, Wolfgang Vachon; and the coach, Mr. Harper.

UNDER 12 SOCCER



BACK ROW: Michael Hastings, Ross Finley, Sean Gurd, Jason Start, Michael Pezell, Graham Fisher, Chris Yelle, Max Perren.
FRONT ROW: Tim Stewart, James Nightingale, Michael Chisolm, Chris Munro, Alan Polak, Cameron Sievert.
ABSENT: Vitas Sipelis, Kenneth Ducci, Matthew Thompson.



The Under 12 Soccer Team had a good season this year. Enthusiasm was high as the team won many of its games. The coach, Mr. McElroy, worked hard with the boys, and they in turn played well on the field. This was a fine Junior School team.



VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW: Philip Thompson, Manager; David Lyon, Edward York, Gordon Martin, Ian Hardacre, Tony Gray
 FRONT ROW: Mr. R. Nakatsu, John Eastcott, Gordon Manning, Charles Duncan, Jeff Ruscica, Drew Hala, Andreas Kroger
 ABSENT: Kent Kirkpatrick.



Although we did not win very many games this year, team spirit was very high. Mr. Nakatsu, our inspirational leader, provided excellent coaching and encouragement. Many of the members were new to the team and will no doubt benefit from this year's experiences.

Gordon Martin

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAMS



This year's Cross-Country team did not have superlative talent or skill. The attitude of each member can be summed up in two words: hard work. This attitude was present not only during meets but in every practice from the beginning of the season. Early in the season, the team had its problems. But by the ISAA finals, the hard work was paying off.

This couldn't have been achieved without the excellent coaching of Mr. Ackley, who deserves full credit for training the team mentally as well as physically. A special thank you is also in order for Mr. Walker, who braved Arctic winds in order to drive us to the finals in Port Hope.

Accomplishments at the ISAA finals worthy of note were registered by Jamie Logan, Bruce Chapple (11th), D.J. Clyde (16th) and Keith Stinson, and the Senior Division team of John Matthews (4th) and Jamie Spangenberg (16th).

If there is one thing we learned this year on running down hills, it is that if you can't run, you roll. Thanks for a great year, guys.

John Matthews





SENIOR HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Mr. G. Rutherford, Graham Hunt, Tony Hanley, John Cimba, Michael Rose, Ian Hardacre, Gord Martin, Stewart Istvan, Greg Sutton, Jeff Hess, Charlie Fowler.
FRONT ROW: Ian Pattinson, Peter Smith, Paul Shirer, Paul Mann, Harty McKeown, Donald Nichols, John Mueller, David Bowen.

This year's senior hockey team had an exceptionally outstanding season thanks to determination, team unity and fine coaching.

Although many people believed our year to be a re-building era in the St. George's Hockey Department, I for one feel that the team displayed all the qualities of an experienced squad. I also feel that our team, guided by Mr. Rutherford, learned many things throughout the long and cold winter (especially during the excruciating two-hour practice sessions).

I would like to thank all of those involved in hockey at the college and I hope that in the ensuing years, the spirit remains along with an active interest in the sport.

I would like to wish all of the best luck to next year's team, I know that they deserve to be proud in wearing the Blue and Gold.

Harty McKeown
-Captain



UNDER 14 HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Mr. G. O'Meara, Tim Earle, Scott Saunderson, Brian Andersen, Jason Marsh, Greg Hess, Andrew Baldwin, Drew Yamada, Robert Eng.

FRONT ROW: Andrew Proctor, Darren White, Michael Jones, Theo Sevier, Chris Armstrong, Richard Burgess, Giles Anderson.



In the beginning ...

After the cuts, we had a group of unorganized yet talented kids, ready and willing to play. After our first game though, even when we tied, many people who hadn't played in this league before were having serious doubts about continuing. But due to their professional commitments (plus the fact that they didn't want to seem like wimps) they continued.

Afterwards:

We became a superior and semi-efficient hockey team, losing to only a couple of schools.

All in all with our superb coaching from Mr. O'Meara, we had a great hockey team with lots of fun in the year.

Drew Yamada and
Mike Jones

UNDER 12 HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Charles Coristine, Scott Yamada, Max Perren, Mike Chisholm, Alan Potak, Mr. G. O'Meara, Kevin Gilmour, Neal Gilmer, Tim Stewart.

FRONT ROW: James Nightingale, Michael Gravenor, Kit Barton, Graham White, Vitas Sipelis, Robert Du Toit.

This year, the under 12 hockey team had a record of two wins, seven losses, and one tie.

We had a really fun time, and learned some new hockey skills. We met a lot of people from out of town schools, such as Appleby College, Crescent School, Ridley College, and others.

We really had a great time, and thank Mr. O'Meara for being a super coach.

James Nightingale



SKI TEAM



BACK ROW: Greg Hollander, Tony Lesiak, David Roode, Andy Crysdale, Al Hicks, Paul Shakarko, Greg McElish, Tim Verbie, Greg Jedlicka, Ian Campbell.

FRONT ROW: Kyle Thompson, Dan Conn, Bruce Chapple, Mike Brake, Mike Rudan, Nick Rodomar, Geoff Brown.



We came, we saw, but unfortunately, we did not conquer. The S.G.C. Ski Team, composed mostly of freestyle skiers, and a few racers, had put forth a good effort, although our results were not so good. We raced at five meets, and hosted the final at Caledon. It was a total success. I would like to thank Mr. Walker for organizing the final meet and for coaching the team, which was one of the largest ski teams St. George's has ever had. The team as a whole would like to thank Mr. Ackley and Grade 13, who helped in hosting the final.

Certain team members, including Andy Crysdale, Dave Roode, Greg McElish, and Paul Shakarko posted very good times. Good luck to next year's team!

Tim Verbie

SENIOR BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Jamie Moore, Hal Kent, Charles Magyar, Brian Lomax, Scott Merrick.
FRONT ROW: Michael Turner, George Kerr, Jason Durish, Mr. F. Marchese.





The First Basketball Team had a record of many unfortunate illnesses this year, but generally enjoyed a season of progressive learning. Hit by a flu epidemic, the team was reduced from its conservative membership of nine to a group of five, four, and as few as three. Having drafted Under-Sixteen Basketball members, we still did reasonably well during the short-hauled games. One game of note was against S.A.C. in which, with only three First Team players, S.A.C. only managed to narrowly defeat us in overtime.

On a higher note, the Team was by far the most improved in the I.S.S.A. After gruelling hours of practice, members became expert "dunkers" (sort of) and "Bounce-catch-lay up" shooters. Though these moves generally did not work out during games, Mr. Marchese's library of plays did help us win a few games. We finished the year in sixth place over S.A.C. and Crescent School and were undisputably first in fashionable uniforms.

Brian Lomax



UNDER 16 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Mr. R. Nakatsu, Coach; Mike Woolcombe, Dan Keogh, Robert O'Connor, Tony Gray, Svend Videbak, Adrian Thornbury, Adam Gilbert.

FRONT ROW: Matthew Hodjera, Bernardo Sanchez, Luis Del Pozo, Ashley Chow, Brent Barclay, Tim Walters.

ABSENT: Bruno Solby, Peter Istvan.

When Mr. Nakatsu put the Under 16 team together, it looked like we had a team full of potential but unfortunately our team had a few disappointing defeats. As the season went by, our team became much better by a consistently strong effort during games and by practicing hard. Our efforts showed in the tournaments we had. We won our first game after coming from behind and making up 20 points. Against Hillfield we were winning the game for most of the time but in the end we lost. The team was made up of a few players from last year's team who were backed by some excellent new players. The team's future in next year's season looks good. During the season we had continuous support and help from our manager, Bruno Solby. Of course, there wouldn't have even been a team if Mr. Nakatsu had not devoted his time and effort to it. Lastly, a special thanks to Mr. T. (Thornbury) for his support in all our games.

Brent Barclay
Peter Istvan



UNDER 14 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Chad Carter, Matthew Beam, Glenn Hadden, George Thompson, Peter Vaillancourt.
FRONT ROW: Alexis Carty, Neil Shelley, Peter LePaine, Kory Thompson.
ABSENT: Nicholas Purdon, Philip LaFlair.



This year, the Under 14 Basketball team had a very successful season. We won nine of our thirteen games and came very close to winning a tournament. Our coach, Mr. Dunkley, spent many hours with us in practice, teaching us the skills and strategies needed for the games. George Thompson and Chad Carter were our two captains. One of the features of the season was the total of four points that Peter LePiane scored.

However, the tournament was the highlight. We beat both UCC and Trinity College in our own gym. Then we travelled to Crescent to meet them for the championship. It was a hard fought game that Crescent won by a point.

We would like to thank our coach for all of his help and direction throughout the year.

UNDER 13 BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Asif Satchu, Michael Pickersgill, Stephen Turvey, Malcolm Nobbs, Matthew Rogers, Kevin Warren, Trevor Jackson.
FRONT ROW: Mr. W. Dunkley, Ross Finley, Geoffrey Petkovich, Rob Cairncross, Michael Giddy, Michael Pezell.
ABSENT: Matthew Thompson.

This year was a great year for the under 13 basketball team. Even though our team worked hard through the whole year practising our skills, we had not won a game.

On the last game of the season our team was ready for anything. As the first shift went on we all prayed that we would win. For the first half of the game Finley worked his hardest bringing the ball up the court, then passing it to Warren to set it up for Pickersgill to slam it in to score a basket. As the first half was coming to an end, we were losing by twelve points but still Mr. Dunkley had faith in us. During the last ten seconds left of our basketball year Pickersgill scored a basket putting us to only ten points behind the other team. Even though we didn't win, Mr. Dunkley was proud of us for trying to win. This year was a fun year and I can't wait to play on the team next year.

Geoffrey Petkovich



BASEBALL



Are we something or what! Six wins no losses in the regular season. We were number 1 in the league. The first season of softball at S.G.C. saw the good guys (us) have many stunning victories over our arch rivals from Crescent, Appleby and Pickering. Behind the staunch infield of G. Sutton (3rd base), J. Durish (short-stop), S. Beatty (2nd base) and, sometimes, I. Hardacre (1st base), and the tough outfield of P. Clark, K. Kirkpatrick, A. Pace and M. Rose, many a stray ball passed through these superstars. What defence! With starter G. "Boom Boom" Martin and long reliever T. Culverwell, the catching duties for G. Hunt were made easier. Well, not really. Thanks a lot 1st base coach-umpire scorer-assistant-coach Mr. "Lefty" Wilson and to Mr. "I had extra help" Marchese for their time and effort to support us. Never Surrender!

The Strong Arm of the Law.

SWIM TEAMS



BACK ROW: David Lyon, Ed York, Chris Alexander, Gordon Paul, Mr. J. Kerr.
MIDDLE ROW: Patrick Yam, John Matthews, Drew Fiala, Todd Yelle.
FRONT ROW: Barton Earle, Tony Woodruff, Craig Godsoe, Andrew Gorman, Stephen Jones.



BACK ROW: James Thompson, John Rea, Michael Newbigging, Jason Start, John Stevenpiper, Bruce McAdie, Chris Yelle.
FRONT ROW: David Barclay, Scott Baines, Matthew Teichman, Tim Rodomar, Desmond Teichman.



Well, we may not have had the most successful year in terms of winning races and meets, but the S.G.C. Swim Teams (first and second) of 1984 sure did have the most fun.

The dedication of Thomas Palo, Dave Lyon and possibly two or three others to the team's 45 minute practices, kept Mr. Kerr and Mr. Schreiner from enjoying one of the finer things in life. Thank you Mr. Kerr and Mr. Schreiner for your organization, but more importantly for both of you putting up with such a motley crew. Thanks must also go to Chris Alexander and Andrew Pace who filled in for Mr. Kerr when he was away, and who helped organize the lineups. Last and not least are the timers who generously gave up their time at school (I'm sure they were torn in their decision) to come and help - Thank you.

Although all this organization and dedication are the skeleton of a team, the year would not have been as worthwhile had it not been for the enthusiasm and

support of Mr. Massé, Mr. McMaster and above all, the team members. Much appreciation goes to Mr. Massé and Mr. McMaster who supported us more times than not at our home meets. Each team member was cheered on by all others with a vigor unsurpassed in the I.S.A.A. Chants of "Nute, Nute" or "Palo, Palo" were common at any given meet. The I.S.A.A. final displayed the optimism and enthusiasm, as members of the team (after only two to five hours of sleep due to a Branksome Formal) spent more energy yelling "Swim faster ... Swim even faster!" than completing the races quickly.

Our last cheer of the season "We'll get 'em next year" may not be entirely off. Mr. Ackley has a promising young group of Jr. school swimmers. Perhaps five or six years down the line, S.G.C. may have the "best" team in the I.S.A.A., competitively as well as enthusiastically.

TRACK

The 1984 track and field team was small in number but despite this size it was one of the most competitive and successful teams the school has had. This year's season started with meets at York University, East York Collegiate, O'Neil High School, Snowball relays and finished up with the annual I.S.A.A. finals at St. Mike's. When one looks back at the first meet in late March and sees the tremendous improvements made by each member by the finals in late May, it is no wonder why this year was so successful. Part of this success can be attributed to the excellent coaching and training of Coach Ackley who spent many long afternoons at Memorial Track in Forest Hill Park teaching the finer points of each event. The rest was a product of the deep down desire of every member and his hard work in practice and constant improvement in his times, distances or heights. This is where the real success can be measured and there were marked improvements.

Members worthy of note include; Midgets: Greg Albrecht, Andrew Armstrong, Andrew Gorman, James Logan and Mike Noble. Juniors: Brent Barclay, D.J. Clyde, Luis Del Pozo, Owen David, Jason Durish, Andrew Godfrey, Matthew Hodjera and Bernardo Sanchez. Seniors: Roger Cattell, John Cimba, Brian Lomax, Charles Magyar and John Matthews.

For four of these seniors, this season marks the end of a number of years on the track and field team. We depart this team with a sense of pride and accomplishment that we have not only represented St. George's College but performed to the best of our ability and have done this well. To next year's team we wish you the best of luck and a few parting words, "It may be winning and losing that counts now, but we veterans have learned that sportsmanship, discipline and hard work will be just as important later."

John Matthews



BACK ROW: James Logan, John Cimba, Roger Cattell.

MIDDLE ROW: Charles Magyar, Luis Del Pozo, Andrew Gorman, Matthew Hodjera, Stephen Jones.

FRONT ROW: Andrew Armstrong, Roger Leistra, Fraser Hore, Greg Albrecht, Bernardo Sanchez, Bruce Chapple, Michael Noble.



TEAMS



BACK ROW: Peter LePiane, Robert Camerross, Neil Shelley, Brian Andersen, Jason Gray, Matthew Beam, Robert Clarkson, David Bourne.
FRONT ROW: Aleksei Stosic, Simon Carpenter, David Hoare, Michael Pickersgill, Chris Armstrong, Andrew Proctor, Graham White, Bruce McAdie, Michael Hastings.



HOUSE LEAGUE





SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This year's cross-country run was held on Friday Oct. 28 at High Park. Mr. D'Arcy, S.G.C.'s answer to Richard Simmons, limbered the men of Westminster House with toe stretches and eye rolls. The other houses already had a distinct advantage. The hoards assembled at the starting line where Mr. Ackley gave out precise directions on the course. Without exception the runners returned ... eventually.

Mr. Haslett, still fighting the Battle of the Bulge, bounced his way past a pack of teachers in mistaken anticipation of a grand prize. He was disappointed to learn, as he collapsed over the finish line, that this year's budget could only afford domestic lemonade as a prize. French profanities echoed throughout the park.

INDIVIDUAL WINNERS

Grade 9 - Andrew Armstrong
Grade 10 - Bruce Chapple
Grade 11 - Alistair Hicks
Grade 12 - D.J. Clyde
Grade 13 - John Matthews
Staff - Mr. Haslett

PLACING

- 1) Canterbury
- 2) Winchester
- 3) Westminster
- 4) York



JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN



On October 18, St. George's College students left home for High Park to run the annual X-Country Meet. Once everyone had arrived (bound from head to foot in at least one ton of clothing) and had limbered up to the house stretches, the gun was fired. Some were there to win, some to place and some to laugh, and yet others simply to have their morning stroll. Competition was tough, and everyone tried their best. There were two runs - an A and a B Run -- which were designed for the

various capabilities (and motives) of the runners. Some masters ran, while others (hmmmm) helped to marshal and cheer on the steadily freezing athletes. Even Dr. Barlow was there, and to say the least, was the best cheerer. The Prefects were also there and showed their spirit and enthusiasm throughout. Thanks must go to all who took a part in the Meet's organization. All in all, it was quite a successful outing.

Mr. Beam, SB

INTER-HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

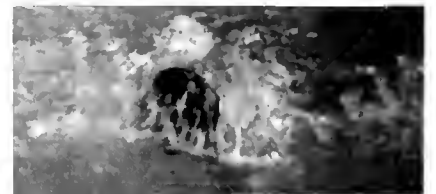


Once again, the Fall saw Ketchum Hall emptied during lunch hours as students flooded into choir and band rooms around the school to prepare for the Music Competition. For months we practiced, bellowing out hymns and blasting into trumpets. On the day of the Competition, classes ended at noon and everyone crammed into Ketchum Hall for the first time since the Fall. The Hall was filled with tension as the first House climbed up onto the stage and everyone cleared their throats. (Some people were so anxious that they were forced to bring their teddy bears for comfort.) Well, what can I say? Those few months of hard work paid off in the form of admirably fine sound from both the choirs and bands. Special thanks must go to the organizers and pianists who spent the Fall running back and forth from practice room to practice room; also, to the adjudicators, who performed so well the difficult task of judging us. Winchester, rightly named the "Virtuoso House", won in all three categories: the hymn, band piece, and open choir sections. I am pleased to say that, this year, the Competition ranked as high as the Track and Field Meets in terms of "House spirit rousing".

George Skarbek-Borowski



SWIM MEET



As usual, the swim meet ended in total victory for Canterbury, the other houses dropping back on the basis of their dubious and oft-disputed merits. It was, however, a certainty that numerous people would get lost, chilled, sick, detained, or simply over-excited, and would have fun doing it. As usual, this swim meet presented a great chance for everyone to get together and explore the best and worst of human nature.

Eric Fupp

GAMES





Games after school have been a growing interest throughout the ten years I have been at St. George's. This year the games programme reached its peak as enthusiasm and participation ran high. Throughout the year Grades 4-6, 7 and 8, and 9-10 competed in Basketball, Soccer, Football, Broom Ball, "Baseball avec la neige", Ball Hockey, and "Baseball à l'été". Much of the support and enthusiasm came from the kid at heart, Mr. Love. Quite often his enthusiasm rubbed off on the students who would then stay after the games programme for more fun. Regulars had to be told to go home before dark. I should thank all those people who helped to referee, whose names would take up half a page. Thanks should also go to Mr. Dunkley, who helped organize the program and kept me heading in the right direction. Best wishes for the future!

Andrew Pace

JUNIOR SCHOOL TRACK MEET



This year the Junior School Track Meet was held at Forest Hill Park. The warmth and the sunshine made for some good early tanning weather! The Grade 12's did a great job running the events which were a lot of fun. Even the lunch was good!





SENIOR SCHOOL TRACK MEET



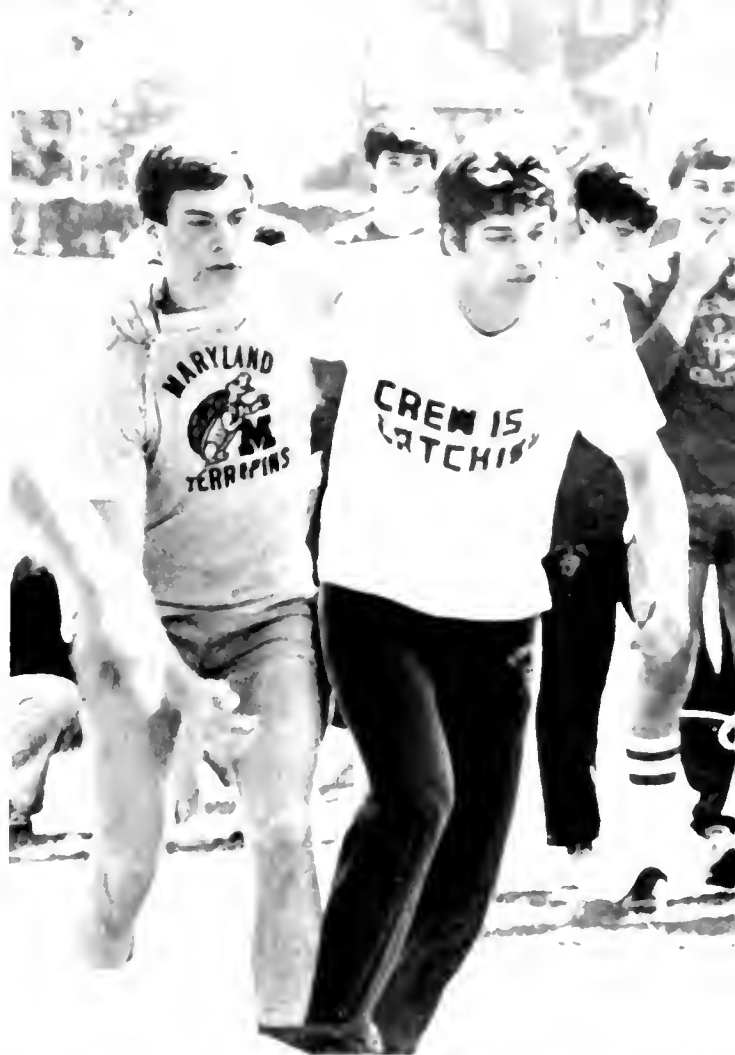
This year's Senior School Track Meet at Forest Hill was a very enjoyable event for everyone involved. Even the unfortunates who had to run the fifteen hundred metres could console themselves with the fact that it was a minor miracle which enabled them to run even half the race, let alone complete the whole thing.

Events such as the infamous "egg-toss" and the ever-dangerous "piggyback races" made the spectators glad that all that was required from them was a few laps and not participation in these the most deadly of sports.

A surprising incident occurred when Graham Hunt and Co. arrived in a police car without such impedimenta as handcuffs. Perhaps even more surprising (at least to the other three houses) was the fact that Canterbury actually won the meet by quite a large margin.

After lunch, which was cooked by the twelves with Mr. Walker's help (?), the day was rounded out with class vs. class baseball games and amazingly enough, more bats hit balls than balls hit people.





ACTIVITIES



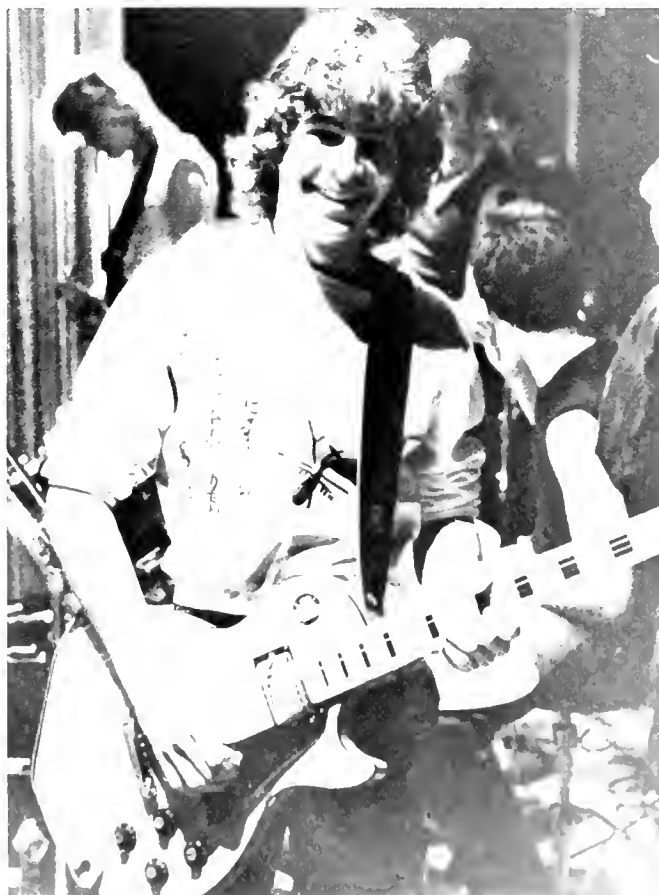


TALENT NIGHT

FAST TIMES AT S.G.C.

Saturday, November 5th saw the opening of a new form of evening's entertainment at St. George's. I am speaking of the talent night which is apparently an "annual" event. Talent as I see it, implies a very broad spectrum of dance, comedy, drama, as well as music. The first annual talent night was not a talent night but a microcosm of Molsport or Canada Jam. The audience was at one time virtually on the brink of creating a body jamming session. We were told that the show was composed of "quality entertainment" performed by the students (of St. George's). Most of the talent was supported by other schools! It would have been more appropriate to have called the evening the Toronto Board of Education Annual Jam Night. Because there were so many non-Georgians, it was pointless to have Georgians perform staff satire when only 20% of the audience knew who was being satirized. In closing, having Ed Sullivan hosting was a mistake. Sid Vicious or Alan Freed would have been more appropriate. It would also have been appropriate to have the police bust in and drag Freed away to the station in a drunken stupor.

R.D.



INTER-HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION



The second annual House Drama Competition was held this year on Tuesday the 15th of May, and all four Houses submitted productions of an extremely high standard.

The first play was Bryan Wade's "The Electric Gunfighters", a two-hander featuring Robert Benzie and George Hodjera, and directed for Winchester by Graeme Egan. This was followed by York's entry, "There" by Tom Cone -- another play for two characters (played by Paul Hawkins and Bill McCausland), directed by Greg Petkovich.

Westminster presented an excerpt from Terrence Rattigan's "The Winslow Boy", with Michael Woolcombe and Brent Barclay. Adrian Melnick was the director.

Canterbury deserved particular credit -- they gave us two productions: an excerpt from "The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare, with Robert Devry as Shylock, supported by David Brake and Andrew Drillis, and "Snowbirds" by David Tipe, featuring David Hewlett and Andrew Gorman. John Stephenson directed.

The Adjudicator, Brian Smith, from the Drama Department at the University of Guelph, and himself an actor and director, gave an encouraging and helpful adjudication. He praised all the entries but thought that York deserved first place.

Congratulations to all who took part

CHOIR TOUR 1983 -- EUROPE



The most ambitious venture ever undertaken by the Choir of St. George's College took the form of two weeks this past June.

The Tour Choir, a group of thirty boys from both the "A" and "B" Choirs, along with Messrs. White, Bradley, and Bryant, Dr. Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, two Choir mothers, and a tour guide (plus his daughter) travelled south through Germany by bus into Italy, where the bulk of the singing was to take place, and finally ended up in France.

Venice, Florence, Pisa, Sienna and Rome were

From the Chaplain of All Saints Anglican Church in Rome, Canon David Palmer. "The good manners of the boys and their general bearing were a pleasure to experience; and the main purpose of their visit, to adorn the sung wor-



The Chaplain of All Saints Anglican Church in Rome, Canon David Palmer, and the Cultural Attache of the Canadian Embassy to Italy, Dr. David Ayden, participate in a SUNDAY EUCCHARIST on Sunday at 10:30 on June 26, 1983, at the Church, via del Babuino 1551 and to hear the choir of ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Canada.

A reception follows where you may meet the choir, the Director of Music, Mr. John Bradley, and the choir master, Mr. Maurice White.

ship of a regular congregation, was fulfilled movingly well ... and the whole vision of bringing up a new generation to be reverent and well grounded in sensible religious practice and belief ... the Choir's visit was a tonic."



absolutely marvellous cities full of history and culture. Each city in which we stayed offered accommodation that was more than adequate, with dining, shopping, and sightseeing facilities close at hand. The rooms were all equipped, and although Mr. Bryant had some elevator troubles, that aspect of the service was also good.

We were provided with tours in each city, and although we found it difficult to understand the native guides' English on occasion, we were exposed to the art and lifestyles of the Italian people.

The buildings in which we sang were magnificent. They were all beautifully crafted, ranging from the small church of St. George's in Venice to the mighty

basilica of San Miniato in Florence.

After eleven event-filled days in Italy, we travelled by train to Paris where we spent another three days. We sang a most successful concert at the American Episcopal Church and spent the rest of the time in Louis' gardens at Versailles. On the third of July, the Choir boarded a plane at Orly for the flight home.

The musical aspects of the Tour were handled commendably by Mr. White and Mr. Bryant. We often sang in almost empty buildings or to touring audiences who came and went as they pleased, but the Church services were well attended and all the singing was extremely well received.

THE CHAPEL



Before I came to St. George's College, I was a parish priest, and every time I suggested any kind of change in the parish, someone was bound to say, "But we've never done that before!" Little did I realise that things would be very similar when I became a School Chaplain! However, after discussion with certain staff and student members, various changes have been made!, and I should like to thank everybody for being 'open-minded', and for supporting me in the changes I have instituted. Everything I have done has been in an attempt to improve the quality of our worship, and to increase our understanding of what we are doing in Chapel.

I have encouraged greater participation by the students in all aspects of Chapel. The talk on Wednesday mornings is now given by a member of the Junior School, and our Thursday morning worship is arranged and conducted by each of the Senior School Houses in turn. The readers are now from a wider variety of students, and now our prayers are generally led by a student, too. Every Wednesday morning before school begins, there is a celebration of the Eucharist, and I am encouraged that this is attracting a growing number of students.

The biggest change this year is that I have experimented by moving our Friday services Evensong from the afternoon to the morning every Friday except for the last of the month, when we have retained the Traditional service of the Evensong. Nobody sits on the fence about this -- people either like it or hate it. I appreciate both points of view, but still believe that I am right to make the change!

Our annual service of Baptism and Confirmation, which took place in November, had the largest number of candidates for five years, and we were delighted to welcome Archbishop R.L. Seaborn as our celebrant. The Dean of Toronto, Bishop Hugh Stiff, took part in



our Carol Service at Christmas, and it was our privilege to have the Primate, Archbishop Scott, to celebrate Easter with us.

I am tremendously grateful to Mr. John Bradley and his staff for ensuring that our services are always enriched by beautiful music. I do not want them, or the Choir, to feel that they are taken for granted. Our worship would be much impoverished without their contribution. Thank you, gentlemen.

My thanks are also due to the loyal team of Servers, led by Chris Bramble and George Skarbek-Borowski. I appreciate everything that they do to make things easier for me, and the pains they take to ensure that all our services run smoothly.

Michael Burgess

SERVERS' GUILD



From Wednesday morning at 7:50 to Friday afternoon at 3:30, the acolytes play an important part in the spiritual life of the school. Much time is spent preparing for a service, be it practicing the motions setting up all the required equipment, or making lists telling who is serving. I would like to thank all those who were involved, about thirteen in all, especially Robert Devry, Jeremy Graham, and Lester Hiraki who helped in the preparations and my associate head server George Skarbek-Borowski, who helped me in running the acolytes throughout the year.

Chris Bramble



SENIOR DRAMA

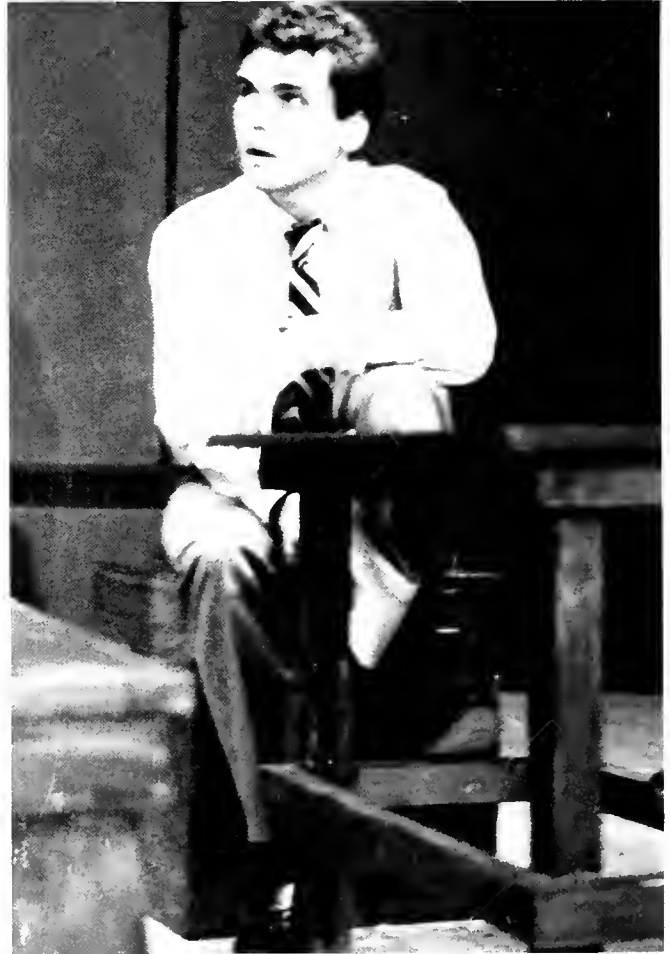
"JOURNEY'S END"

As the first term drew to a welcome close the St. George's College Drama Society put on their production of "Journey's End". It was a great success, and left many parents astounded at the professionalism and quality of the production. However, not many people knew about the time and effort which went into putting on this production, but the one thing that helped us through was the calm soothing, soft, timid voice and placid temperament of Father Michael, which is renowned throughout the school. Thanks and recognition should be given to the actors who participated, such as Jamie Thompson, whose knowledge of the dialects of the British Isles often astounded Fr. Michael to the point of frustration, and the memorable acting of both David Hewlett and Paul Hawkins and, of course, Michael Turner.

Special credit must go to Greg Petkovich, John Stephenson, Jonathan Wheler and Harald Koch for their skills in management sound and lighting.

"Journey's End" was the biggest (not to mention the most expensive) production the drama society has ever done, and I speak on behalf of the rest of the cast in extending our appreciation to Fr. Michael for his hard work.

BEV





ONTARIO INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS'

DRAMA FESTIVAL



Last year we entered the Ontario Independent Schools' Drama Festival for the first time and, although we did not win any awards, our entry - Fr. Pegler's play, 'The Summit' - was well received, and the audiences obviously enjoyed it.

This year we were again fortunate in having a play written especially for us; 'It Comes from There' by Robin Fulford. We were also fortunate in having a talented cast of actors to play the parts, and a highly skilled stage crew to deal with the technical side of things. Everyone worked very hard to ensure that the SGC entry was as good as it could possibly be. Fr. Michael (the loud one) and Mr. Fulford (the quiet one) co-directed, and seemed to be in agreement - publicly, at least!

Everyone was highly gratified when we were nominated for best play in the Festival, as well as for technical merit. Unfortunately, we didn't win either, but had to be content with the Adjudicator's Award (in effect second place), the first award St. George's has ever won.



The Adjudicator described the play as "an impressive and frightening production ... violent, interesting, spare and austere." We gave a performance for the senior school before going off to Ottawa, and repeated our award-winning production for the parents and friends during May.

Congratulations to Tim Denison, Paul Hawkins, David Hewlett, Hugh McKee and Adrian Melnick, who worked together as a great team, and our backstage crew,

John Stephenson and Jonathan Wheler. Greg Petkovich acted as company manager, and smoothed our way through each crisis (most of them were caused by him in the first place!)

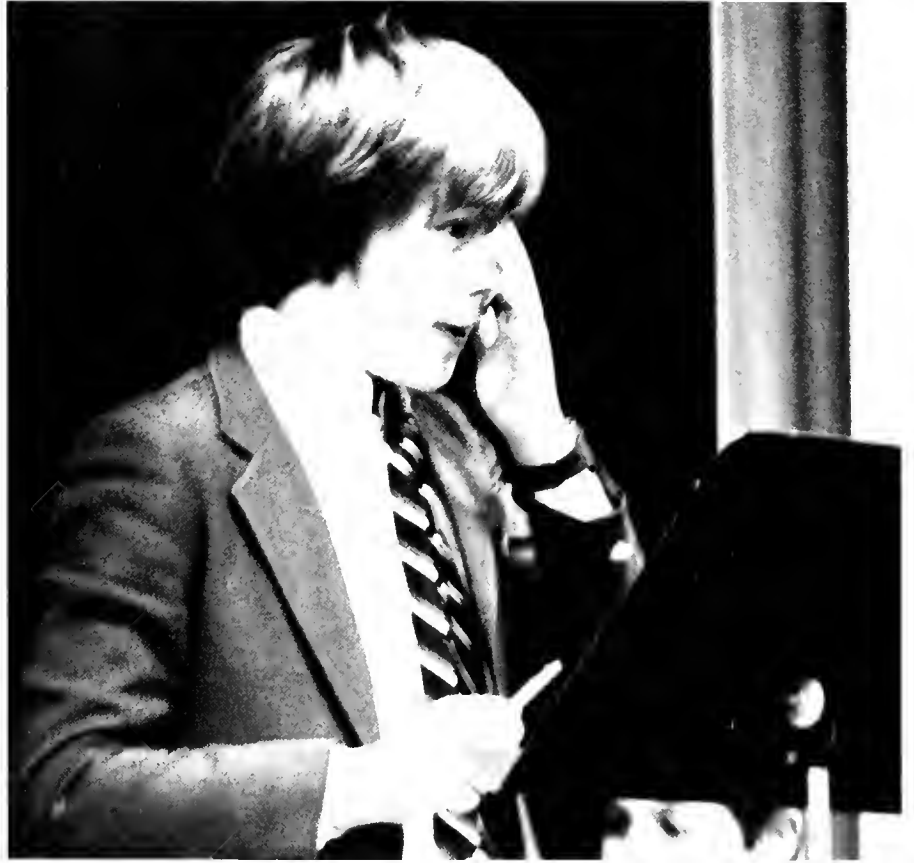
ARNOLD PLINGE

JUNIOR DRAMA



During the winter term the junior boys performed "Brother Francis - The Legend of Assisi" to a large audience of parents and friends in Ketchum Hall. Including the "techies" about thirty boys were involved in this production - David Suntok playing the major role of Brother Francis. Instead of the usual medieval costumes, the players dressed as mobsters (the Pope and Cardinals), preppies (the Brothers), and modern combat soldiers. Everyone worked hard and enjoyed performing.

OPEN HOUSE



Many students in both the Senior and Junior School participated in the two nights of Open House this year. The variety was immense as usual, ranging from drama productions, public speaking, a photography display to computer demonstrations. The event is a way for us to show our school to parents, and the energy the students poured into their projects was gratifying.

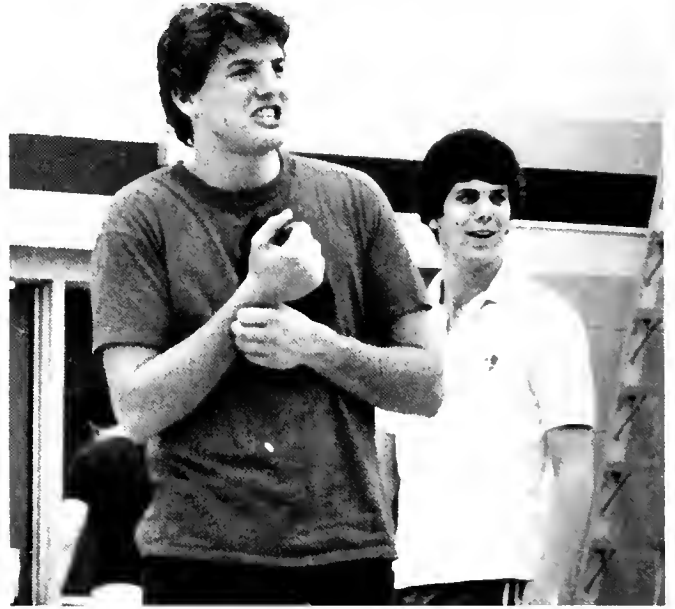
As a final note I will say that my most vivid memory of the Open House was when Mr. Harper's Grade Eight English class put on their play, S.G.C.-T.V., in which the total class would continually run across the stage dragging any actor with them who was in mid-speech. We always knew they were about to emerge as the flats started to bulge mercilessly.

Sam Bazooka





OLD BOYS' NIGHT



Every year, the St. George's teams reel under the onslaught of their athletic predecessors. Varsity Arena and the St. George's gym witness the clashing of these current and former giants of the courts and the ice. This year was no exception. The enthusiastic popularity of Old Boys for these games seems to be increasing yearly. As always, a feature of this evening was the get together back at the school where old and good times were remembered and at times, relived. We all are looking forward to next year's already.



THE MEN'S ASSOCIATION DINNER



The Men's Association Dinner was an evening and a tradition that the Graduating Class of 1984 had been looking forward to all year long. It was the first time and the only time we were wined, dined, and honoured in such a classy joint as the Granite Club, and on a school night even! The evening's proceedings commenced amidst applause and standing ovations with the introductions of the Head Table. Dr. Wright's humorous remarks reminded the Grade 13's of the Jack Wright Dinner - an evening we well remember taking place when we had just completed Grade 7. One roast beef dinner and six glasses of wine later we were enlightened with words from our Head Prefect Stewart Istvan. Stewart related many embarrassing but memorable incidents that

happened to some Grade 13's over the course of the year. (e.g. The Dave Tanovich School of Safe Driving could sue Stew for libel and public slander!) We were then treated to a speech on what life is like in the journalist's profession by a successful example - Richard Brown of CTV News. The Men's Association Dinner was also enjoyable for the Old Boys. They were able to reunite with teachers and also chat with the graduating students about university life. Speaking as a Grade 13 student about to turn old boy, attending the Men's Association Dinner seems to be an ideal way to keep in touch with the life of the college.

Jamie Thompson, Grade 13

ATHLETIC BANQUET



How long can Mr. Dunkley go on putting on these fantastic sold out banquets? Our amiable host, ably assisted by his sidekick, Mr. Ackley, recounted this year's events in sports at St. George's, through exaggeration, begrudging praise and insults.

As always, a real highlight of this evening was the presentation of team colors and individual trophies by the coaches, in recognition of the athletic excellence of their players. However these were complimented by the fun awards given to those who, in the intense pursuit of victory, managed to goof up.

We had two special guests at the head table: Mr. Dave Leuty and Mr. Alan MacLachlan, both members of Canada's bobsled team. Mr. MacLachlan gave an informative and interesting address on the topic of the nature of success in sports. His remarks were well received by all.



SOCIALS



This year was an opportune year to be involved socially. There was no need for hassles with renting a tuxedo as we held two semi-formals.

In November of 1983 the Trillium Room at Ontario Place was filled with Georgians from the entire senior school. Most were intrigued with attending a familiar place with a different setting for the evening. The second semi-formal in February of 1984 was held in the beautiful ballroom of St. Lawrence Hall not too far from St. James' Cathedral. No doubt these were probably the most successful semi-formals ever held at St. George's College.



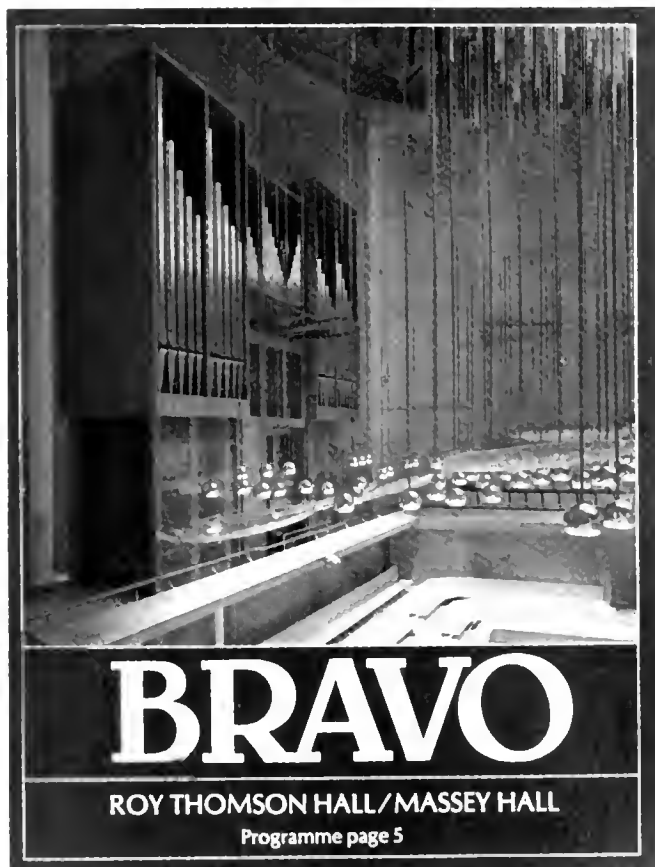
INSTRUMENTAL PROGRAM



This year as I entered the senior school I had the pleasure of leaving the A & B bands of the junior school. Actually, contrary to the appearances, much work goes into a truly enlightening performance of the bands, along with much skill, devotion, determination and a little luck. The work of Mr. Demierre, Mr. Wade-West, and Mr. Martin in all the fields of the orchestra, the beginners to veterans, woodwinds to brass, strings to percussion, is truly great. These brave men turn novices into near virtuosos. It may not be the Philharmonic, but it is still an achievement. There will always be the occasional C flat in the woodwinds, or an over-exuberant brass player, but they still make music worth listening to.



INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS MUSIC FESTIVAL



The evening of Thursday April 12, 1984, was another smash success for music at St. George's College and a gamut of independent schools, this year, from Winnipeg to Halifax.

Too often when schools meet, there is contesting and competition. This event brought unity to the schools. The months of preparation put into the Festival were evident as it was far better organized than its inaugural year in 1983.

Under the direction of Messrs. Demierre and Kositsky, practices across the country were begun in the Fall and brought together in the Spring in the form of the biggest music festival ever undertaken by the independent schools.

On the night of the performance, Massey Hall was almost filled, and the evening came to a triumphant close with the grande finale, a concoction of songs tracing Canada's heritage, arranged by Mr. Demierre and performed by the Senior section of a one thousand person Choir and Band.

So memorable was the evening that a cassette recording of the performance will be available for sale in the new academic year. We look forward to a yet more fantastic Festival in 1985.

Lester Hiraki and
George Skarbek-Borowski

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



LEFT TO RIGHT: David Baldwin, Mr. R. Fulford, George Hodjera, Ian Voermann, David Cunningham, Nils Voermann, Greg Petkovich, John Stephenson, Jeremy Graham, Tim Tanner, Frederick Fruehauf, Gregor Gilbert, Vincenzo Natali, Patrick Yam.

Photography certainly has come a long way from the first photograph taken by Nicephore Niepce in 1826. On that same note, so has our club which was founded relatively recently. Each year we have progressively been able to improve our pictures both artistically and technically. This could never have occurred if not for the dedication to this club that our members have shown. Unlike past years, we no longer have members whose only wish is to be able to skip after-school games. Because of this our morale, productivity and quality have been at an utmost high.

It is very hard to single out any particular person as everyone in the club this year deserves equal praise. However, I would like to specially thank Mr. Fulford who has given of himself freely which

included coming in on weekends and work in the dark room. Also, John Stephenson, who with myself, headed this year's club and put up with all my whims. All the grade 12 members deserve recognition as they put in many added hours both on assignments and in the lab. Finally I would like to thank everyone in the club this year, especially the junior members, for it is in their hands that the future of the club lies.

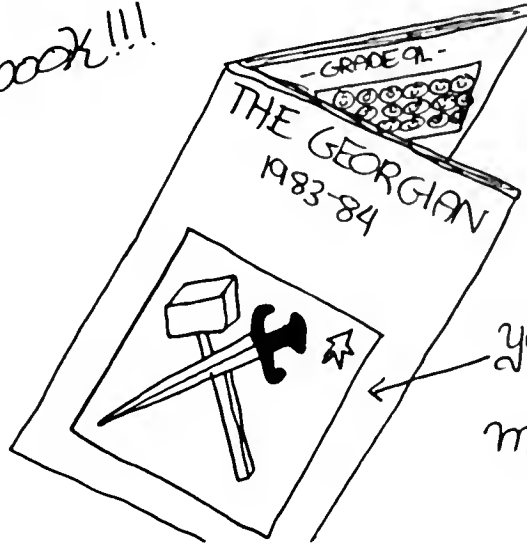
It has been both a pleasure and a privilege to be able to serve the photography club over the past five years. Judging from the performance of the present members we can look forward to high quality pictures for many years to come.

Greg Petkovich



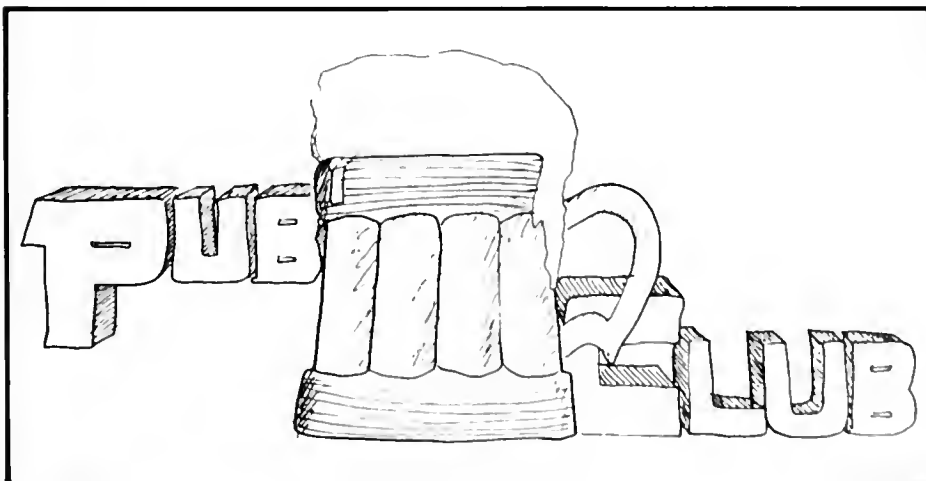
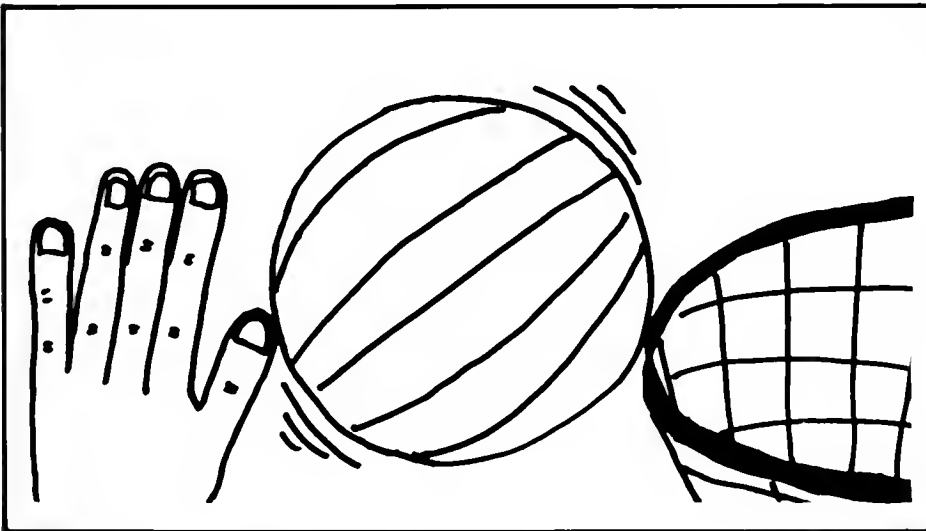
PUB CLUB

Imagine,
your drawing on
such an important book!!!



ye drawingeth
eh?!?
maybe!

PUB CLUB  MURDOCH



The academic year 1983/84 was a success for the Pub Club. Our two big projects for this year were to create publicity for the Fall play "Journey's End" and for the Junior and Senior School Open Houses held in February. In between those dates we printed up publicity to let people know what days the Library Book Fair and the Hot Dog Days were on. Our output of posters ranged from colored magnum opuses on bristol board to hand bill dittos posted on the walls every few feet. In adhering to tradition we could not supply publicity for Super Bock Day. The publicity and running of that event had to be completely organized by the Grade 12's. But we did lend our talents in an advisory capacity! I should like to thank Mr. Armitage for putting a great amount of time and advice into the Pub Club and for seeing what publicity was needed when for other staff members.

Members of the Pub Club in 83/84 were: Mr. D.J. Armitage, staff advisor; Jamie Thompson, president; Vince Natali, Robert Devry, David Sturdee, Tom MacKay, Richard Needham, Tony Woodruff, Jeff Ramage, Victor Frieberg, and Ben Lockridge.

Jamie Thompson

THE SPEAKING UNION

1984 will be remembered for two things: George Orwell's book and the birth of the Speaking Union of St. George's College. Last year was a watershed for the Speaking Union as our founding coach Fr. Pegler retired, and many felt that the Speaking Union would not recover from his departure. However, a very determined group of battle-hardened veterans were confident that this would not be the case at all. To these people, who know who they are, it is fitting to express a heart-felt thank you. Without them nothing could have materialized.

The first tournament that the school participated in was the National Invitational Tournament hosted by St. John's-Ravenscourt in Winnipeg, Manitoba from October 14-17th, 1983. Our success there was two-fold. First we established ourselves as worthy competitors as well as establishing many valuable friendships with debaters from all over Canada. Second, this tournament served to inspire the team members to create a junior wing of the Speaking Union. This was begun as soon as the team returned to Toronto. From this date in October, the entire team began to prepare for the Fulford Tournament, first round, held at St. George's on the 19th of November, 1983. The resolution for this event was "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere". This tournament was successfully run because of the army of parents, masters, students and others who served as judges, speakers and timekeepers. Thus ended an eventful first term.

The Metro regional tournament is held annually for all the debaters in the Metro region. This year St. George's sent two teams: Bruce Patterson in the top eight, qualifying for the Provincials, which as its name suggests includes all the best regional debaters in the province. At the Provincials, Bruce ranked in the top one-third of sixty debaters. St. George's also participated in the St. Clement's Impromptu Tournament and finished



READING: Eric Fripp, Geoff Brown, Robert Devry, Mr. M. Stevenson, Charles Fowler, Bill Henry, Bill McCausland, David Brake, George Scarbek-Borowski, Ross Dixon, Will Fripp, Michael Globe, Michael Henry, Bruce Patterson, Gordon Smith, Greg Bolton, Tim Rodom, Jonathan Carpenter, John Sevenpiper, Andrew Golding, Christos Doullis, Mark Schatzker, Tuhin Guri, Chris Sievert, Andrew Bennett, Jon Zeidman, Scott Allen.

in the top half of the twelve schools competing. The second term Fulford was hosted by Appleby College. St. George's sent one senior and one junior team. Both teams finished in the top two-thirds of the twelve schools. Like the first term, the second term was also eventful.

The third term marked the development of the junior wing of the Speaking Union. The close affiliation with the junior debaters of BHS provided some stiff competition for our teams. Despite a poor win/loss record, the debates were all very close and displayed very high standards. The great potential in the junior wing of the Speaking Union will be critical to the continued success of the Speaking Union in the future. The third term Fulford Cup held at Ridley, was a

success worth waiting for as our Speaking Union placed third out of twelve schools in the senior division and did equally well in the juniors. With this last event, the year ended for the St. George's College Speaking Union.

There are many people to thank and never enough space to do so adequately, so let me close by thanking our coach, Mr. Stevenson, who did everything but debate himself, and all the members who contributed, each according to his abilities, to make this year an enormous success. Also, best wishes to President-elect Bruce Patterson for continued success in the future.

Best Wishes,
William Henry



THE FULFORD CUP

The first of this year's three Fulford Cup debating tournaments was held at St. George's on November 19, and despite early difficulties with planning, personnel, and preparations, we managed to pull it off. The importance of the occasion should be noted as this was a major tournament hosted by St. George's. One event among all of those which failed to spoil the day, however, was the oft-repeated failure of Upper Canada College to remember the Cup; but, of course, debating is a matter of attitude.

Eric Fripp



JUNIOR SCHOOL WALKATHON



JUNIOR SCHOOL RAISES MONEY FOR LEUKEMIA RESEARCH FUND

The morning of May 8th was a wet one. It had rained all night and continued the next morning, and although the weather reports forecast an end to it, it was decided to postpone the Walk-a-thon to the following Friday.

May 11th turned out to be a day not unlike the previous Tuesday, but the rain did hold off and it was decided to go. Every grade from Four to Eight, with their formmasters, walked 22 kilometres having previously received pledges for the walk. Some boys had promises of \$8.00 per kilometre. In the end, over \$6,300.00 was raised for the Leukemia Research Fund.

Many thanks are due to the boys who walked, to the masters who walked with them and collected the money from their classes afterward, and especially Mrs. Keresteci in the office who browbeat forgetful boys and even phoned them at home to remind them to bring in their pledged monies.

Over the years in three Walk-a-thons, St. George's College Junior School has raised close to \$20,000.00 for the Leukemia Research fund.



BOCK DAY



Everyone at St. George's knows that when Bock Day arrives, the end of school and the beginning of the summer vacation can't be far off. It was this festive mood that gripped the school for that third annual rite of Spring, Bock Day. This year's day was highlighted by a staff tricycle race, the likes of which haven't been seen before. As always, everyone pigged out on the burgers and drinks. This day is fast becoming one of the few good traditions at the school. Let's hope it continues!

Sam Bazooka

STAFF / STUDENT GAMES



BACK ROW: Mr. D'Arcy, Mrs. McRory, Mr. Demierre, Mr. Wade-West, Mr. Smith, Mr. Haslett, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Massé, Mr. O'Meara, Mr. Chapple, Mr. Ackley, Mr. Walker, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Nakatsu, Mr. Schreiner.
FRONT ROW: Mr. Marchese, Mr. Hookey, Mr. Thornbury, Mr. Love, Mr. Dunkley.



PRIZE DAY



This year's Prize Day, as with all others, was an event taken very seriously by all those who attended. Held at the Diocesan Centre, the ceremonies included the Headmaster's address to the school, which recounted the history of the school along with a good measure of humor.

However, the order of the day was the recognition of those students who had achieved a measure of success above the norm. Many boys were awarded prizes for academic and athletic talent, and as a result made some parents very happy.

The students who took the proceedings most seriously were the graduates. This year's Prize Day was the final time that any of them would achieve recognition at the school as well as their last chance to participate as a student in a school function. Without doubt, this Prize Day will become a fond memory in the hearts of all the graduates.

Stewart Daniels

THE GRADUATION FORMAL

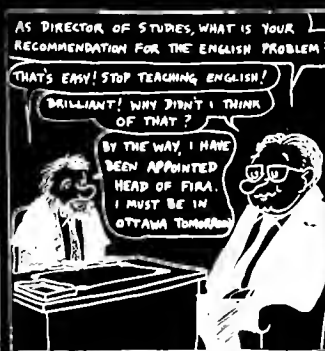
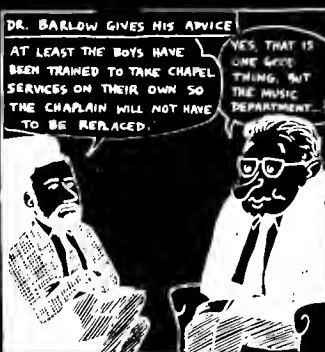
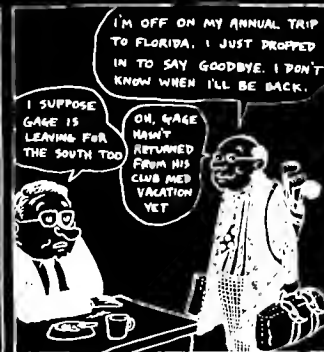
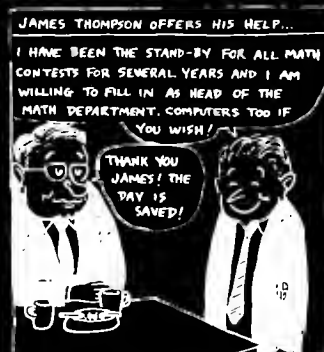
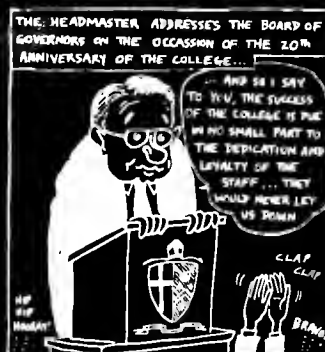




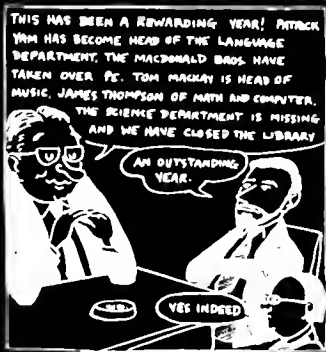
Red and purple balloons decorated "Level 50" at Ontario Place for our Grad Formal on June 14, 1984. An aura of elegance and excitement prevailed. We looked dashing in tuxedos, but were outdone by our dates who were ravishing in their gowns. Pre-dinner celebrations commenced at Harty McKeown's where we all first beheld three of our fellow classmates dressed in their kilts. Teachers joined us in toasting the end of an era for us. Limousines and chauffeurs of varying professionalism (you looked great Peter!) whisked all of us to the festivities at Ontario Place. Dinner was superb! Dancing to our favourite music was both romantic and nostalgic, fulfilling every musical taste from Van Halen to John Lennon. There was no better way of ending the evening than at John Stephenson's Breakfast Party. At this time Grade 13 was but a memory and our thoughts turned to next year.



ART &



LIT



J. Ambridge

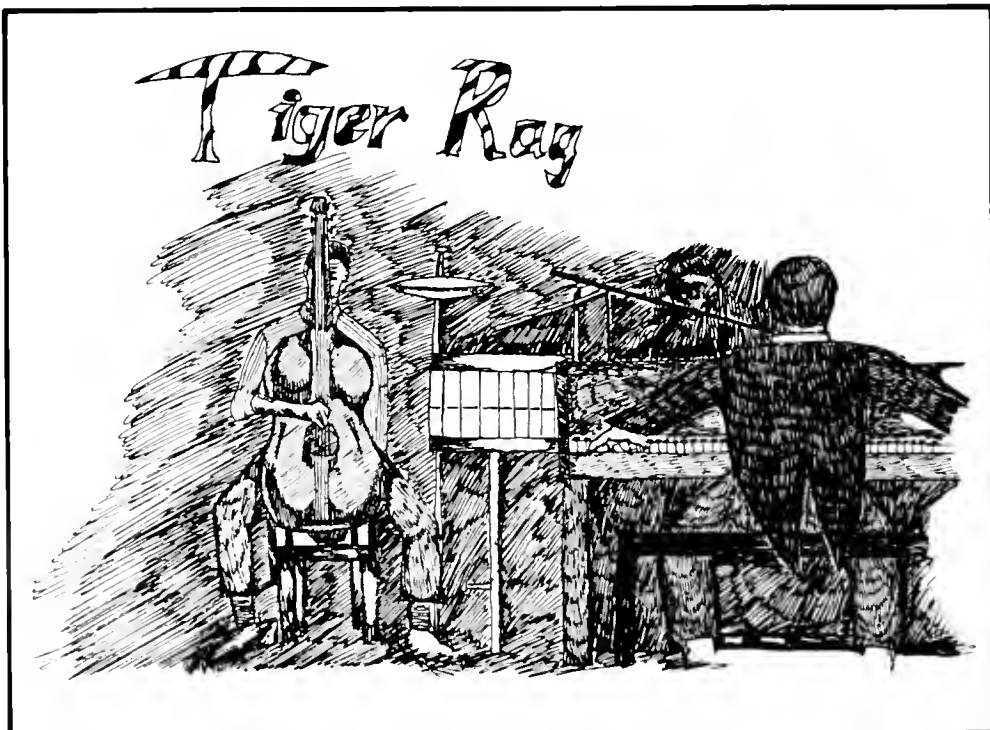
TURKEY STEW

Harold the Turkey was out behind the house eating and wondering. He could not understand why all of a sudden his daily rations had been more than tripled. For the past three weeks, he had been getting nothing but crumbs, and suddenly he was getting three plates of leftovers every day. He could not understand it. The snow had begun to fall early this week. Maybe they were trying to fatten him up to keep him warm. That couldn't be it or they would have left him in the house. They must have some reason, but what could it be? Harold went on eating and wondering for several days until one day he overheard the people in the house. The man was talking to the woman. Harold could not understand the words but the gestures were enough to put him into a coma. The man had just pointed to Harold, to his belly, and finally to the pot. Harold panicked. They were going to put him into a stew. At least that was what they thought. Harold noticed that the man had left his wire cutters

on the other side of the fence, and Harold could reach it with ease. In a couple of minutes, he had it on his side and he rushed over to the house. He dug a hole and dropped the cutters into it and replaced the snow. The next morning when he woke up, he saw the man on his hands and knees crawling around the yard. He must have found that the clippers were missing. Would he look under Harold's hut. After half an hour, he had not. He went inside. He had given up. Harold breathed a sigh of relief and went on eating. He thought that the more he ate, the fatter he would become and the bigger the hole in the fence would have to be, and therefore the more noticeable it would be. He must go on a diet and begin work immediately. Christmas was coming fast! To lose weight, Harold had to go on a strict diet and body-building course at which he was very successful. Each day, he was losing more and more weight. Then one day he tried to get through the hole. Believe it or not, he did fit. He was so excited that he did not know

what to do, so he ran into his house to pack and noticed that he was not a moment too soon for it was already Christmas. He quickly packed and ran through the hole in the fence. He was walking down the driveway thinking to himself how lucky he was when he noticed the farmer coming out of the house with a box in his hand. Harold took it as his coffin and so began to run. This caused his belongings to bang together hard enough so that the farmer could hear. He ran and caught up to Harold because the turkey's legs were no match for the man's. The man brought Harold into the house. Harold began saying his prayers. The man brought him over to the pot and took a small bowl, filled it with stew and gave it to the animal. Then he opened the box and produced a new bowl for Harold. The man gave it to him and said, "Merry Christmas, Harold." Harold thought to himself how lucky he was not to have escaped.

Karl Gerulath



BARTONSHIRE TOWERS

It was several weeks after the Headmaster's heart attack which left him severely mentally and physically disabled so that he eventually passed away. His passing, however, came all too late as the Board of Governors had had a change and did not appoint the Assistant Headmaster, Mr. Bradwick, also the director of music, but imported Dr. and Mrs. Haughtie to be the First Family. With the retirement of Mr. Limbetage also came the appointment of Mr. Incline as assistant to the Headmaster.

Their first meeting in the Guild Room of the College was to tell of things to come. All the new appointees were present as well as Mr. Bradwick and Mr. Curr.

"Do you reside at the college, Mr. Bradwick?," asked Mrs. Haughtie.

Mr. Bradwick explained that he lived only a short distance away in his own abode. Mrs. Haughtie said she and her husband both agreed that there was far too much travelling and that practically all the staff and even some students were driving to the College. "We believe this is a disgrace. Can these people not rise an hour earlier and walk? Surely, these people appear healthy!"

Mrs. Haughtie then proceeded to ask if every student in the school was required to recite catechism. Mr. Curr's reply was that chapel is attended three times weekly.

"Surely, this is not enough! Ten minutes in the morning is hardly catechism," replied Mrs. Haughtie.

Mr. Incline brought it to the attention that heating was inadequate and dilapidated. Indeed the buildings of Dee House and Mustard Hall are abhorrent and appear to be falling to pieces.

"Good heavens!," exclaimed Mr. Curr.

"I don't think I shall ever like that Mr. Incline", said Mr. Bradwick softly.

"Like him!," roared Mr. Curr. He glanced up at the chapel roof as the two of them returned to Founding Hall. The pigeons became silent on the tarmac. "Mrs. Haughtie is a bitch. Her husband is a puppet; he said hardly a word throughout our conversation. Don't tell anyone. Nepotism is high. That Haughtie is some nephew of someone on the Board."

"What are we to do with him?" Mr. Curr had no reply to this question.

"This new Headmaster of Bartonshire College is the worst thing that could have happened. There are other pressing matters other than the hot water. What about the poor students?," cried Mr. Curr.

Indeed the question of who would be stewards in the fall as well as who would be Head Steward was yet to be decided. Mr. Incline, in his part-time teaching soon learned that one particular student's father owned the large local newspaper chain, the Uranus. If Mr. Incline could succeed in installing this boy as Head Steward, he might be able to win the support of his father making it easy for him to obtain favourable reports in the Uranus.

Lester Hiraki

FRENCH IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOL SYSTEM

Canada is supposed to be a bilingual country. The two languages are French and English. It is therefore important, or should be important, for the English population to be able to speak French. The question is: "Can a child learn French without immersion?" The obvious answer is yes. It is mandatory for all schools to run a French programme. But is this programme adequate?

Because of my experiences in Canada's two types of schools, I have made some conclusions.

Let's take an example of an English skier standing at the bottom of a ski hill in Québec. This child has been educated in an English school. Now, a Frenchman comes up to him and asks him for directions. The child shrugs his shoulders or turns for support from his family. This is not because the child does not know any French, but because he has never learned how to speak the language. The idea of understanding French is because of the French population, but what good is it if you cannot speak to the French people?

Another point is pronunciation. In the English programmes, students must learn the very important vowel sounds by themselves. In immersion, the pupils are taught pronunciation before vocabulary.

In the French classes of the English schools, one learns pages and pages of French words and their English equivalents. It's the same as taking a university translation course at an elementary school level. This is not vocabulary. To have a word in your vocabulary, you must know not only its spelling but its uses. When it comes to conversing, knowing a lot of translation does not help. First, you must translate what your questioner is asking. Then, you must think of an answer before translating it back into French and answering. By this time, it is easy to become nervous and clutch. In immersion, one is forced to speak French constantly, so when you hear a word you think of its FRENCH definition. In English schools, the pupils are not exposed to enough of the spoken language, and this does not help the children in thinking in French.

A very important and refined part of speech in the French language is the verb. Working with verbs is difficult in French. There are twice as many verbs as English-speaking children are accustomed to, and many of these take various forms -- both regular and irregular. Because of this, close to half of the French periods in immersion schools are used in learning verbs and their forms. But in the English schools, next to no time is spent with learning verbs.

With these points, I leave you to guess my answer to the question, "Peut-on apprendre assez bien la langue française dans les écoles anglaises?" I figure that these points tell why courses in immersion schools are called "français" and in English schools are called "French".

Michael Pickersgill

JANUS

DREAM OF LOST LOVE

Time's tenderless
It cut me to the core.
The wounds are still sore
And loverless.

Her tenderness
Is meant for me no more.
Now I can't adore
Her loveliness.

Never could,
Only a lost idol.
A broken dream,
Of burnt wood.

Gordon J. Paul

WHAT MATTERS

A girl that I know,
knew before I saw
liked before I saw.

Imagine what she looks like
it really does not matter

I know her already and
appearance will not matter

Her looks do not attract me
but her personality

I meet her

I am attracted
much like a magnet

It is not her looks
but character

No Aphrodite
but beautiful
to me.

Al D. Hicks

As I sat staring out
Of sad glassy eyes
My mind spinning roundabout
I finally began to realize
What it was all about.
This thing, after all, wasn't hard to recognize.

For time and time before
I asked myself over and over
And countless ages did I explore
Before the day that I met her
Of all emotion, why love was so superior.

And that day I cannot forget
Because from it sprang the answer
To the question so often put forth by any lover
To her I am endlessly in debt.

For the first time
In the span of my life
My hope did climb
And no more did I feel the strife.

And through the years
To each other we grow so dear
From the times of cheer
To the times when we each shed a tear.

And now when I think
Of what we used to share
My heart almost seems to shrink
Yet the pain, I must bear.

M. Poth

THE PROMISE

A beautiful Virgin Bride in white
She is quite ...

Peaceful ...

Dead.

Careful, Slowly, Her groom
opens her long gown to reveal
her true self ... warm

green

alive

She holds the promise ...

S. Beatty

A POEM ABOUT HOMEWORK

(NO help from parents)

If I come into school with my homework not
done the teacher screams and yells.

But if I come to school with my homework DONE
the teacher says I've done well

Staying after school with my homework not
done is no fun I assure you of that

But at least Mr. Hookey isn't that mean he
would give you the Cricket Bat

When he calls you up to sign your file you
feel like breaking his neck

But at least I'm not like some other kids
who always get in heck

When I sit down to do my math I feel like
throwing up

But it's better than being with Mr. McElroy
who always says, "You've got C.L.U.P.!"

English Lit is another subject I can't stand
even more

Because I think reading and writing is such
a dreadful bore

Science is a kinda good subject because it
explains why

But when Mr. Hookey says we have homework in
it I could punch someone in the eye

Social Studies how I hate it because it
explains why

And also when we have homework in it I
feel like I could die

I like gym because there's no homework in
that subject - oh certainly not

But when we're finished with a good workout
we're sweating and hot

I am very sorry I didn't do my homework
that is true

But if you excuse me now I've done 18
lines and I am through.



"DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT CLASS"

Jake Moore

PROGRESS

The beast
tramples down the flowers,
kills them.

Nature
rejects the beast:
in its own habitat,
a foreign object.

The beast cares little,
only thinking of itself.
It must survive.
It must expand.

It takes over.
What was beauty
is now a mass
of production
of waste.

A city.

Dave Roode

LYING IN A CORNER

Hello there
I don't suppose you could help me
sir?
I guess he has better things to do

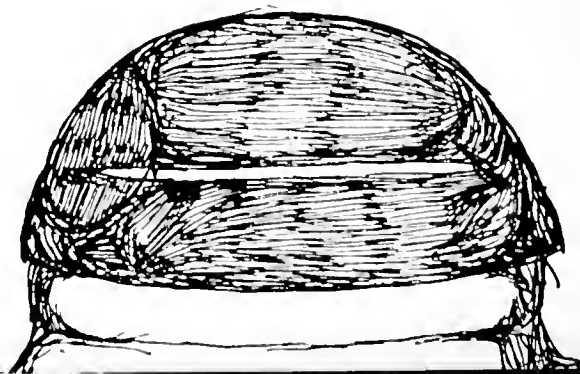
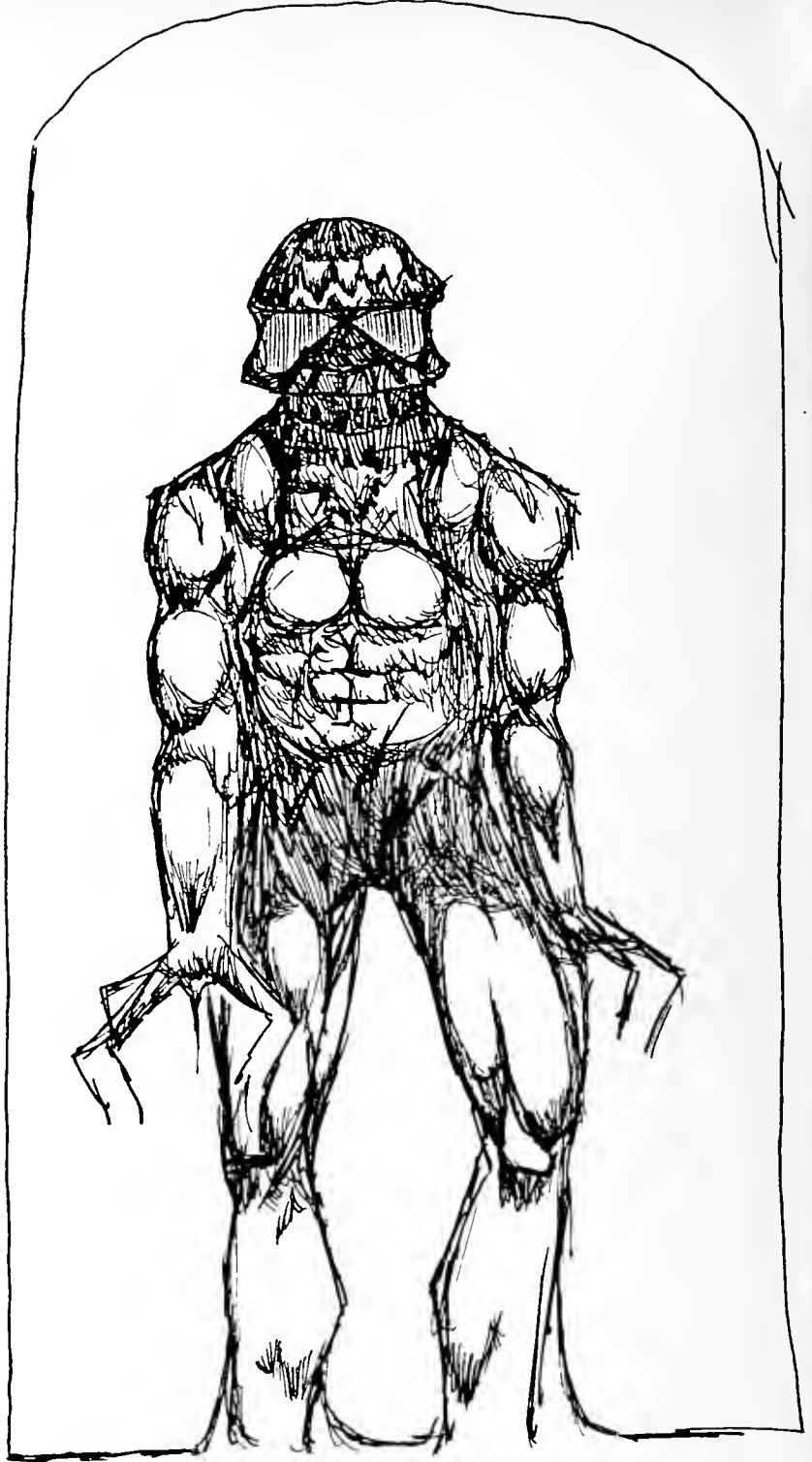
Hi
Could you --- Oh, I see,
In a hurry

Help
I'm bleeding
please.
A corner is such a lonely place.

Lawrence Nichols

The cry of surfaced love
The call of little children.
Laughter, a kiss to life.

Tom MacKay



THE TRIALS OF BRINGING UP MOM YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Back door opens and slams shut as Peter enters the house.

Mom: (speaking in bright, cheery voice) Hi Peter, how are you?

Peter: (a monotonous voice) Good.

Mom: How was your day?

Peter: Good.

Mom: How was the science test?

Peter: Good.

Mom: (sounding rather upset) You are such a conversationalist! What other words do you know besides "good"?

Peter: What is there to eat? I'm starving.

Mom: I made you some nutritious carrot muffins. Have a couple with an apple and a glass of milk.

Peter: (his face shows a hatred for the food) But I feel like chips, Coke, and a nice big, juicy chocolate doughnut. (rolls eyes and grins)

Mom: (sighs loudly) How many times do I have to tell you that junk food will give you pimples and stunt your growth!

David: Yeh, you should see the awful things that happen to your face -- what they show on the tele pimple commercials. What a mess!

Peter: Oh, shut up, Fudgie! Who asked you? (Peter pushes David's favourite car off the table)

David: (screaming) Mom! Mom! Peter just wrecked my best car (David kicks Peter in the leg)

Mom: (pulling at her hair) Come along, you two, cut it out! Now I see why there are wars in the world. Children spend all their free time practicing to become experts at it.

Peter: (staring at his healthy snack) Happiness is being marooned on a desert island with an unlimited supply of gooey chocolate doughnuts. (Peter sighs and stares off into space)

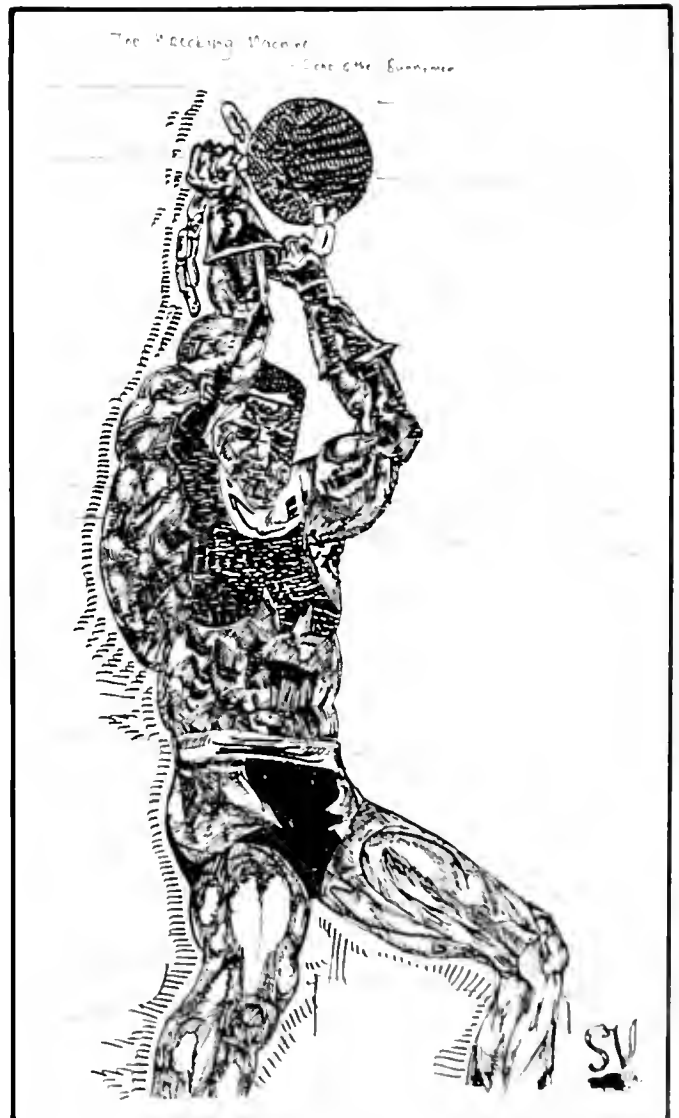
(Mom leaves room and Peter jumps up, grabs large bottle of Coke hidden away and starts drinking)

David: Mom! Mom! Peter's drinking a whole bottle of Coke -- straight from the bottle. He didn't even put it into a glass! I can see the pimples popping out already!

Mom: (enters room in a rage) Peter, for that you get an extra helping of zucchini topped with wheat germ and alfalfa sprouts for dinner. (Mom leaves room)

David: Wheat germ on zucchini with alfalfa sprouts! Ha! I bet you can hardly wait!

Peter: (eyes narrowing) Just wait till Saturday night when Dad and Mom go out and I get to babysit, you little troll. Won't we have fun together! (Peter makes scary monster face at David and then stomps out of room, leaving David shaking.)



SURVIVAL

"We've trapped him!", cried a voice. "We've trapped him in the room!"

"Ha, ha." That's what they think. I quickly rushed to the window, flipped the latches and removed the screens. I popped my head out of the window and could see little flashes of light coming from the fire flies. Those were the first signs to tell me that I was not at home watching the tele, but here trying to escape.

I looked down. It was a good five metre drop to the ground. But I figured that it was better than getting caught.

Just as I hit the ground, I heard them break through the door. I wasted no time in getting away from the area and ran for ten minutes, then slowed down to a walk and passed a narrow, well-beaten path leading to the water.

I now noticed that the bright lights from the cabin had disappeared. Only the thin puffs of smoke were visible through the bright moonlight.

Then my ears started to pick up sounds that I had not heard in ages, such as the strumming of cricket legs as if they were in the Boston Philharmonic. But I could pay no more attention to these new sounds.

I had to concentrate on the narrow, meandering path, making sure not to cause any noise and attract attention.

Then suddenly, I heard a voice crying out a command and telling his dog to heel. I needed to listen now because I knew that they were on my trail. I dove into the closest bush and felt the mulberry bush ripping at my skin. I swore quietly under my breath and swore not to ever again try such a stunt.

I then realized that I had dove into the bush none

too soon because in a few seconds I heard the dog charging down the path. I held my breath as I heard the dog sniffing around as if he had caught my scent. I was relieved to find that he was only answering a call from nature.

Now I could see a shadow in front of me and could see the new North Star grebs shining in the moonlight.

Soon after they had left, I crept out, but in the doing, broke a dry twig.

I heard the yells that I did not want to hear. "Let the dog after him!"

I came crashing out of the bushes like a bear chasing a salmon.

I now knew that I was running for my life. I headed down the hill toward the water as fast as my legs could carry me. But they were still on my trail. The water was now my last hiding place. I was now a good minute in front of them. I dove into the fresh cooling water. Suddenly, I heard footsteps. There was no way for them to get down there with such speed. Who could it be??????? Then I saw the shadow take form. It was my younger cousin.

I promptly told him to get out of here.

"The sharks are going to get you!", he replied.

"Like hell!" I was in no mood for this.

After that, he ran away. But again, I heard footsteps. This time, it was two people with a dog. They started walking toward me, getting closer and closer. Then they stopped about five feet in front of me. I heard clicking noises. I knew that my time had come.

I was bobbing in the water when it hit me. "Damn!", I cried.

Then my brother and his friend replied, "Now it's your turn to find us."



DON JUAN

I, having writ a story out in prose
Whose subject is a fellow named Don Juan,
And having read a poem, one of those
Of Byron, did decide to write a new one.
This as one of Byron's own does pose
Although it cannot hope to be a true one.
I hope you will excuse this piece of verse
Compared to Byron, I come out the worse.

My old friend Byron must have been quite bright,
For he seems quite impossible to stop.
His complicated rhyme with him takes flight
While in my hands, it seems, it can but hop.
He wrote full sixteen cantos - what a sight!
It is a record I can scarcely top,
E'en though he was an energetic suitor,
And, unlike me, he lacked his own computer.

What could it be that gave him such a skill?
Why is it that I cannot match his prowess?
His twelve more years of grinding through
life's mill?
A genius with which God did not endow us?
His era whose achievements glitter still?
His stormy life which never fails to wow us?
Give me some time - some day like him I'll be -
Meanwhile, my tale - No more of such as he!

My hero Juan, note, is not the same
As Byron's Casanova in his work.
His hero searched for love, ours seeks for fame -
My hero's more sedate than that young Turk.
Although my hero's quest seems rather tame
It is a quest that few today would shrink.
It is a quest quite fitting for today,
When vain ambition has the earth in sway.

Yes, it is sad to think on happier days,
(Happier we think, although we do not know them
And see them only through the scarlet haze
Of those who, writing history, do show them.)
Those times, immortalized in books and plays,
Of wilder oats, and those who used to sow them.
It is, perhaps, illusion after all,
But I still think Romantics had a ball.

But to our tale - we view my hero now.
He plots and plans with devilish ambition,
But troubles have put furrows in his brow.
One standing close to him could hear
"Perdition!"
Escape his trembling lips as he asks "How
Is it I find myself in this position?"
"Ah Death!", he asks in pain, "Where is
thy sting?"
"No-one appears to want me as their king."

With utter lack of modesty, he shouts,
"I am the one best suited for the crown!"
With utter lack of chivalry he pouts,
"Why should my ugly brother gain
renown?"
His brother's kingly qualities he doubts,
And on his brother's victories he frowns.
What's more his views are shared by those
in court

Who still refuse his brother's plan to thwart.

He (Juan) is well known for courtly manners,
His brother is a most notorious boor.
He always carries many women's banners,
His foe's romantic record is quite poor
Yet others in his plans always put spanners,
And thus my hero's face is rather dour.
His brother's praise is rather hard to sing
For he's the very image of the king!

He wracks his brains for hours, to no avail.
He cannot see why this has come to pass.
Why do his subtle stratagems all fail?
Why do his brother's always win, alas?
Why does his brother's bark to victory sail
While storms and tempests do his own harass?
These problems do perplex him to no end,
And so he seeks the judgement of his friend.

The days fly by, while he with earth-bound tread
Of hoofs rides on towards his wise friend's home.
He flays his horse until it's almost dead
And beads of fearful sweat bedew his dome
Because of fearful visions in his head
Of what the ending could be of this poem.
But soon to his friend's gates he comes, of course,
(I cut the voyage short, to spare the horse.)

Once at the gates, he through them swiftly speeds
And seeks, with much alacrity, his friend.
He moves at speed of horse sans aid of steeds
And often hurts himself where hallways bend
Until he finds the place Pasquale reads
And his long, nerve-wracked journey finds its end.
And now my tale approaches its finale
For nothing is mysterious to Pasquale.

"Pasquale, friend," he says in solemn tone,
"I have a problem as you no doubt see,
For it appears I'm not to get the throne.
Please explain why this should come to be."
Pasquale said, "Please leave me here, alone,
And I will see what visions come to me."
For our friend was a wizard without compass,
Although he was, as we shall see, quite pompous.

And so, with fearful tread, our friend departed.
Soon, our wise old mage the answer knew
And summoned back our hero leaden-hearted.
He said, "I fear there's nothing you can do
The fates conspire against you.", then he farted,
Wrecking the air of mystery he tried to brew.
If you think he'll answer Juan soon,
You underestimate the old buffoon.

Summoning up his grandeur, he began,
"Back in the early days of Spanish kings,
Back in the Golden Age of Spanish Man,
There lived a king who knew of many things
Of ancient lore, or so the legend ran,
For of his exploits my old history sings."
"I'm sure," said Juan, "his fame shall
never pale,

But please come to the point of this long tale!"

"I shall," Pasquale said, "but first, tell me
Are you more apt a man to fit the throne
Or is your foe, though I could hardly see
How his monarchical skills surpass your own."
"My brother a good king could never be,
The kingly skills are surely mine alone!"
His brother was so ugly, short and fat,
No one could call our friend Don Juan that!

"There, then, the reason's now as clear as day!"
Said Mage Pasquale, flourishing his hat,
Said Juan, "Not to me, I have to say."
The readers, I am sure, agree with that,
But now the reason's not too far away,
With crafty old Pasquale up at bat,
Although I'm sure the sneaky old debaucher
Will want to put his poor friend through
some torture.

"Your brother's plain, to say the very least,
While you by any judge's eyes are not."
"Tis very true, I'm beauty to his beast,
A wretched visage is, for him, life's lot.
But why should it propel him to the feast
While I am left outside, to lick the pot?"
But inspiration soon his face suffused,
And suddenly he was no more confused.

"I see," he said, although he was quite wrong,
"Those friends of mine are fearful of their wives
And think that someone with my brother's pong
Would make them guard their virtue with their knives
While someone with my face could, with a song,
Encourage e'en surrender of their lives.
They're right," he said, but with a puzzled frown.
"A fault that small will keep me from the crown?"

"No, no!", said the Sage, "Quite soon the block you'll know,
If you'll allow me to resume my tale -
Now, you see I've lost my story's flow.
Where was I? Yes, the reason that you fail
Stems from an edict published long ago
By the king, whom all my histories hail.
For, you see, he stated to the nation
The following: (since garbled in translation)

Many minds have tried, without success,
To find the reason why he made the order,
No, none of them make out the crazy mess

Some say the good king's mind was on the border
Of disorder, and how can I tell you less
(In latter years, his room required a warder)
Well here it is, the law which gives you pain,
THE REIGN IN SPAIN FAILS MAINLY
ON THE PLAIN

David Brake

**ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE
TORONTO, CANADA**

FOR PERIOD ENDING June 14, 1984

NAME: Samuel M. Bazooka

FORM: 13

AVERAGE: 0.0

GRADE AVERAGE 71.4

TIMES LATE: 32

DAYS ABSENT: 168

SUBJECT	STUDENT'S MARK	GRADE AVERAGE		STUDENT'S MARK	GRADE AVERAGE
ENGLISH	<u>-21.8</u>	<u>72.3</u>	MATHEMATICS		
ENGLISH II			RELATIONS & FUNCTIONS		
FRENCH	<u>3.52</u>	<u>97.12</u>	ALGEBRA	<u>π</u>	<u>86.5</u>
LATIN			CALCULUS		
GERMAN			COMPUTER SCIENCE		
HISTORY			MUSIC		
GEOGRAPHY			ART		
ECONOMICS/BUSINESS	<u>14 1/2%</u>	<u>75.62</u>	DRAMA		
GENERAL SCIENCE			RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE		
BIOLOGY			PHYSICAL EDUCATION		
PHYSICS					
CHEMISTRY					

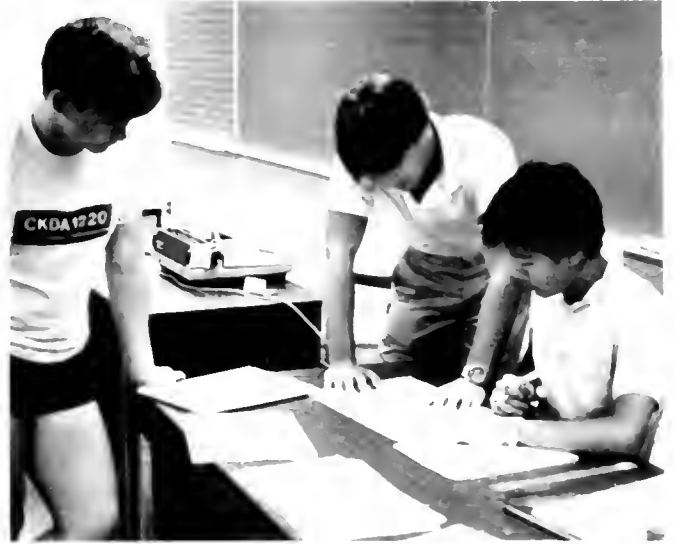
SUBJECT	COMMENTS
Physical Educ.	Sam would fall into the category - MOTOR MORON He has yet to accomplish - walking & chewing gum at the same time. M.A.
Francais	Sam's Australian accent added a new dimension to our Franco-Ontarian pronunciation G.M.
Algebra	Your son has mastered the creative approach. His π's are delicious. M.A.
Economics	Sam's mark barely approached the prime rate. M.A. Try for the exchange rate next term.
English	Sam's attendance is interfering with his progress. R
Relations	Sam did not take this course! D

Form Master Marks are fine (Mum & Dad will be pleased). Strictly off the record, you would have been the 16th perfect. Keep it up! D

Headmaster These marks are deleriously in keeping with Sammy's reputation during his twenty-year stay at St. George's. After all, it is not every boy who is invited back to repeat every grade since Grade 4. JDA

Classes resume Never, for Sammy!

YEARBOOK CREDITS



The goal of this year's yearbook committee is to maintain and if not improve the high standard of excellence in our book. For one, this year's book has expanded from 144 to 160 pages making it the biggest book in the College's history. No expansion had taken place since 1978. The yearbook must do its best to reflect the school but it is limited in its appeal to only the visual senses. It is hoped that one day the Georgian may include moving pictures, sound and smell.

The yearbook has had its fair share of problems this year. Committee meetings have been shifted from room to room because working out of a 4.87 square metre office is not easy! We've had our usual problem of meeting deadlines with incomplete work. All these problems come understandably as rewards for work are indirect and the reflection of our efforts during the year does not become apparent until late fall of the following school year.

Despite all these hardships there is a core group of dedicated yearbookers whom I wish to thank. Firstly our new members this year: Tom MacKay, who managed to eat my speckled doughnuts; David Sturdee; and Stewart Daniels. A special thanks goes to George Skarbek-Borowski, who was my right-hand man this year and handled the entire advertising section. Mr. Fulford deserves credit as my liaison to the Photography club which provided most of the pictures in this book - it would be difficult to imagine a book without pictures. Thanks to Mr. Bentley for his train was never late and to all staff and students who contributed in any manner to make this book. And very importantly a thanks to our staff adviser, Mr. Rutherford who kept us *bozos* in line.

Lester Hiraki
Editor

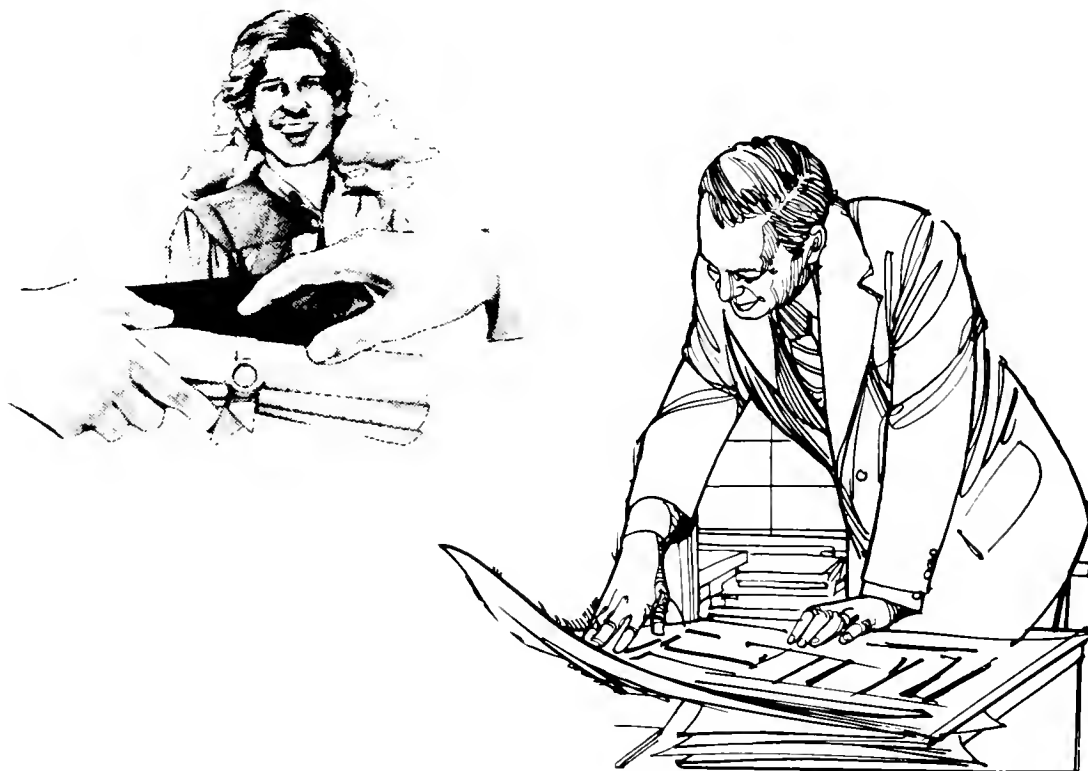


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the compulsive cook



Return of the Class of '68B.



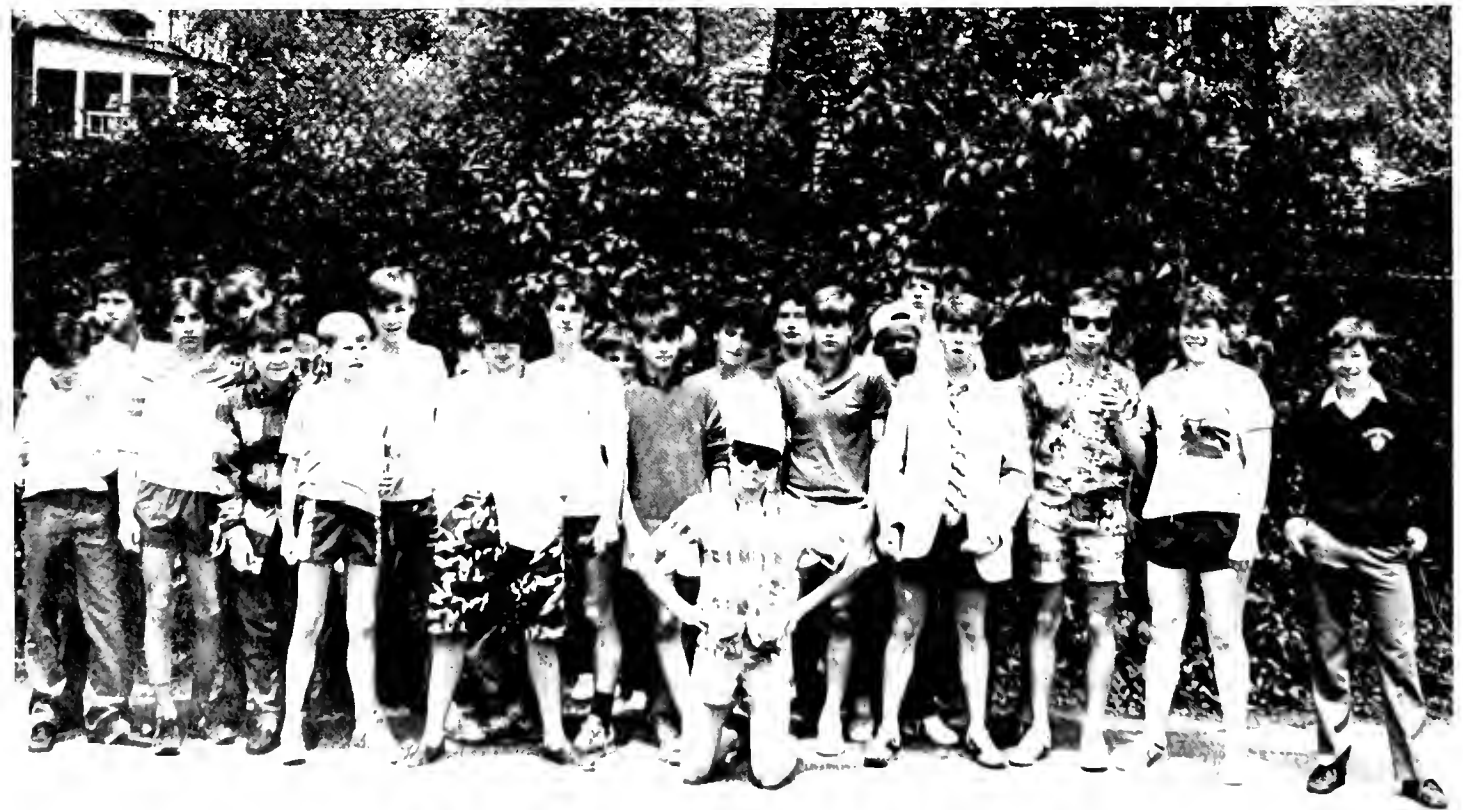
Is this supposed to be a pyramid? And who's the ... at the top anyway?







... and now they've got Neet!



SCAAARRRRRY!!!



Sorry boys but we couldn't think of a caption. By the way, what are you doing?



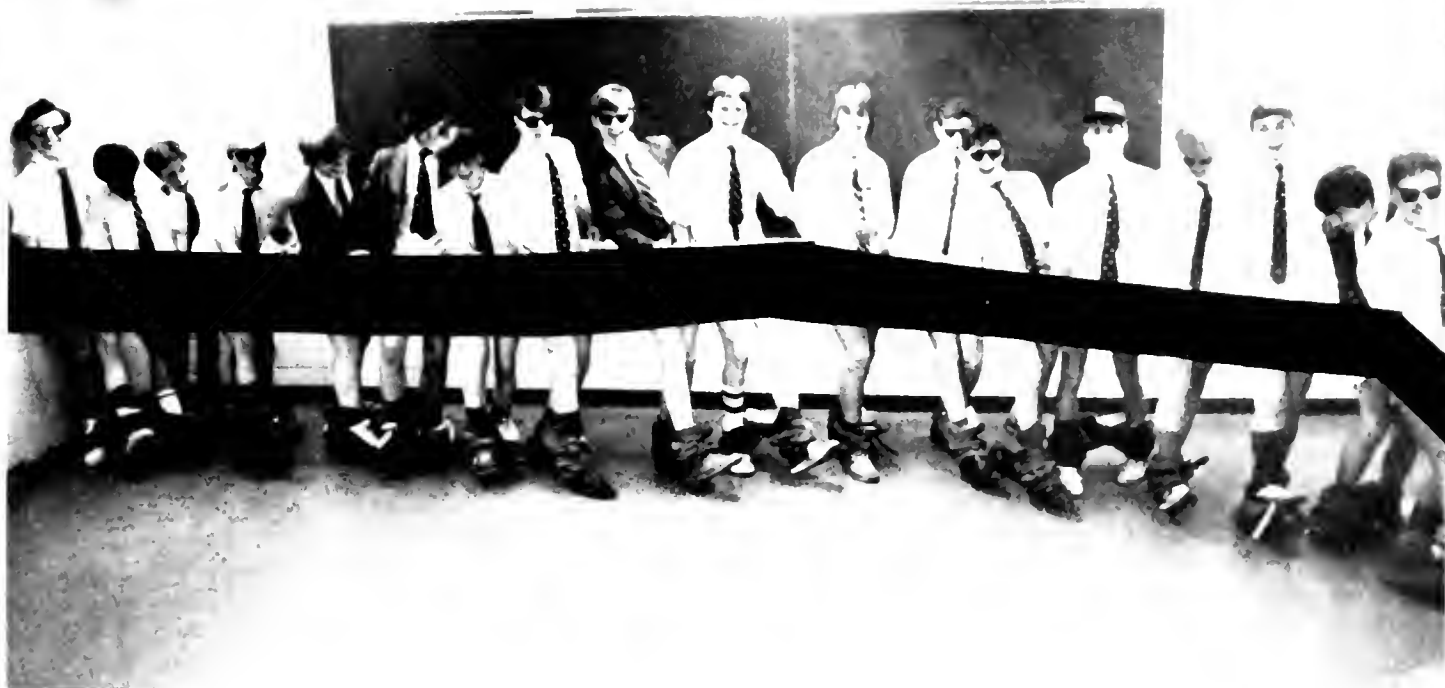
THE BIG NAK ATTACK.

Thanks to St. George's and Mr. Dunkley for the use of the training facilities.

U OF T BLUES

1983/84 O.W.I.A.A. CHAMPIONS





Sorry, boys! You can do whatever you so desire -- but behind the tape.



Turvey's Trauma.



Don't look at us. It's Hookey's mess.



Autographs

The future belongs
to those who prepare
for it.

ZENITH | data
systems

The quality goes in before the name goes on.





